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*MRS. BELLA FRENCH.*

*History of Reedsburg, Wis.*



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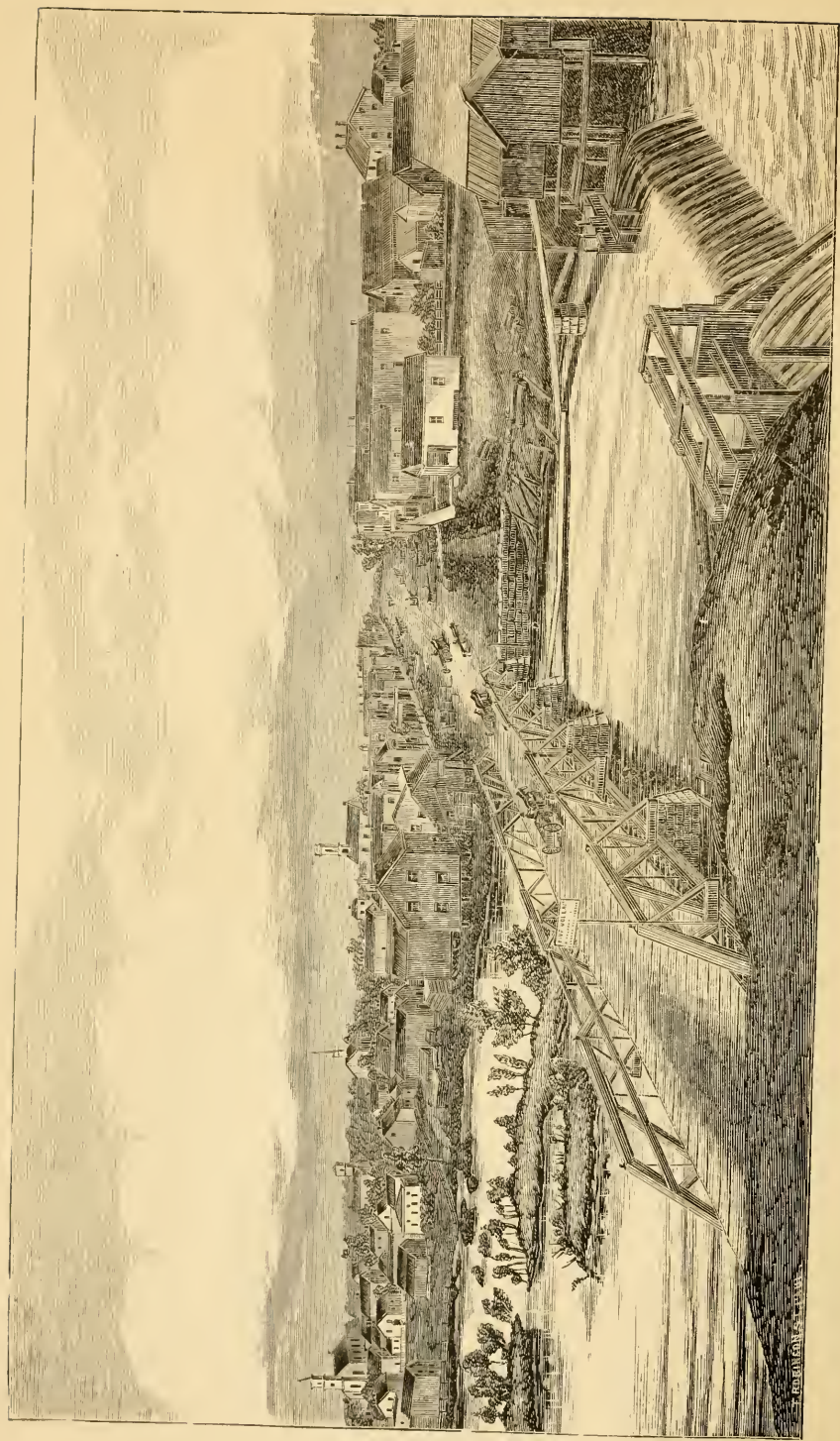
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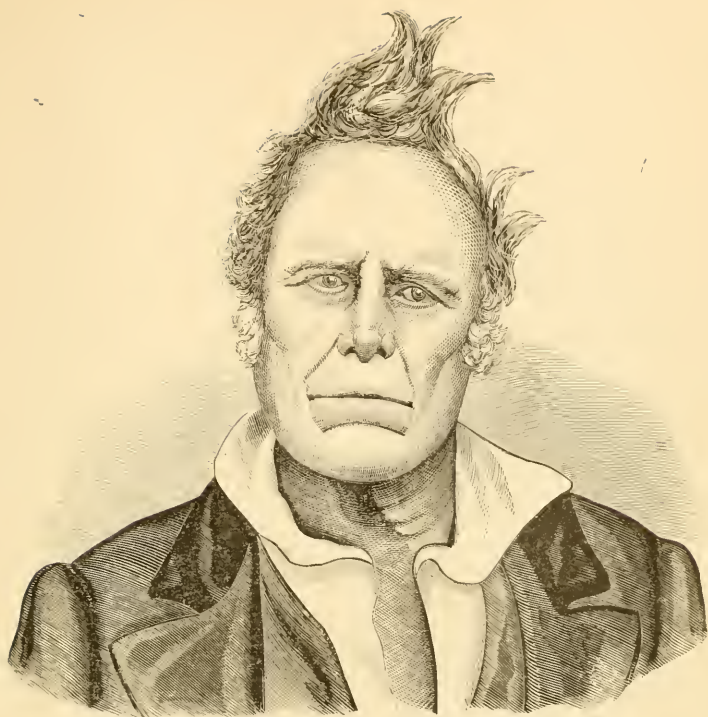
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A View of Main Street and Vicinity, as seen from Mackey's Mill, Reedsburg, Sauk County, Wisconsin.



James W. Babb.





## History of Reedsburg, Wisconsin.

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THE first record that we find of any person's visiting, with intent to settle, the part of country now known as the town of Reedsburg, bears date of 1844, when one, Harry Perry, and Don C. Barry explored the Big Creek region in search of a lumbering location. The pair discovered what they supposed to be a copper mine, in the southeast quarter of section one, and they immediately turned their attention toward that, though no mining was done until the next summer, when Mr. Barry came out a second time, bringing two miners from Mineral Point. Harry Perry meantime had died. Previous, however, to Barry's second trip, James W. Babb, a Virginian, who had been living in Ohio for some years, visited relatives of his living in Rock county, bearing the name of Kirkpatrick, who had crossed the Baraboo River on a hunting tour, and who gave a glowing description of the fertile valleys and natural wealth of this section of country, then almost unknown to the white man. Mr. Babb, having become embarrassed at home, had left with the intention of finding another in the then far west, and he immediately resolved to hunt out the beautiful prairies mentioned by his relative. His son John, who had accompanied him from Ohio, was his companion while journeying through the wilderness. We make extracts from an article giving an account of Mr. Babb's coming here, lately published in the "Reedsburg Free Press." It goes on to say:

"Arrived at Baraboo, then a mere hamlet, the party was augmented by several persons, among others by a Mr. Clark, who knew the way. They probably came through the Narrows Creek Gap, as the first view they obtained of the prairie was from the bluff back of the Dixon place, on the 12th day of May—just as nearly thirty years as may be from the day of his death. Mr. Babb was then upward of fifty-five years of age, in the very prime of his manhood, of strong physical frame, robust health and iron will, and the difficulties and hardships of such an undertaking as he contemplated, and which would be sufficient to appal one

which he possessed in Babb's Creek, a stream which in low water one can step across. Yet no man in this part of the country, it is quite probable, will ever pass to the great Hereafter, leaving a better record than he. He was the poor man's friend. None went empty-handed away from his dwelling. Neither was his bounty stingily bestowed. He would let out his land to a poor tenant, help him build a house, and give him seed for planting; at harvest, he would help to cut the grain, and in the end he would refuse to take his own share, because the poor fellow was having hard times, and needed it all. He died May 14th, 1875, at the advanced age of nearly eighty-seven years. He was buried, according to his wishes, on his own premises, by the side of his wife, who departed from this life seventeen years previous. Several wandering Winnebagoes, whom he had befriended in early times, in fact ever since his coming here, were among the mourners and wept above his remains, as if they had been own children of the deceased.

Ferocious animals were many, but our new settlers were not at all afraid of them, though the glaring eyes were to be seen at almost any time during the nights. Mr. Babb, at one time, trapped a young bear, and concluded to tame it. He imagined that he could put a strap around its neck, and tie it up without difficulty, but before he had accomplished that piece of work, the animal had torn nearly every thread of clothing from his body; and he finally had to get assistance from his son Strother. The two together managed to tie up the bear. Strother had quite an encounter with a wild-cat not long afterwards. The animal had become very destructive to the poultry, which decided the Babb boys to track it to its hiding place. This was a hole, underneath a ledge of rocks reached by a long dark passage. Fastening a trap to the ridge-pole of a wagon, Strother crawled into the passage, pushing the trap before him. Several times the animal sprung the trap without getting caught, and as often Strother had to retreat and set it again. The wild-cat, when closely pressed, would strike with its paws, and was finally clutched by the trap, whereupon, the young man backed out of the passage, drawing the animal after him, by main strength. He says that the ferocious eyes, glaring upon him, in that dark narrow place, were not calculated to call forth the most pleasant sensations. Another of Strother Babb's adventures was none the less unpleasant. His father being ill, he had been obliged to go to Baraboo for a doctor. There was nothing but a wilderness where Reedsburg now is; but the Babbs had a boat on the river, at the Indian fording place, now marked by Mackey's mills. On reaching the ford, it was found, that by some means or other, the boat

had got moored on the opposite side. It was a cold day in the month of March, and not a pleasant time for bathing. But there was no help for it,—Strother had to swim the Baraboo in order to get the boat. Strother Babb is the oldest settler living in this place.

One of the most beautiful spots in the West is Babb's Prairie. It comprises some fifteen hundred acres of land, of a rich quality, level and rolling by turns, with arms of wood-land stretching in various directions, and crossed by streams of clear, cold water. In a state of nature, it was surrounded by timber, much of which has been cut down.

The privation endured by those early settlers must have been great, though Babb's children say that they never realized any hard times. They often lived for weeks on cakes made of grated corn; for a time even went as far as Whitewater to get wheat ground, and finally did their own grinding on a hand-mill, before any grist mills were erected in this part of the country. Groceries they never had,—they did not want them, and had no use for them, so they say. They manufactured their own saleratus by dropping a hard wood cinder while hot into a cup of water. Mrs. Baker claims that the water drained carefully from the sediment, is equal to the best soda. There were times, too, when these people had no bread at all; potatoes and salt, and sometimes with the salt lacking, being their entire food. Game and wild fruits, however, were in abundance. But the season of the fruit was short; then very few of the settlers were experts with a rifle, consequently they were not always supplied with meat. As far as the Babbs were concerned, the Indians came to their assistance by dividing the spoils of the chase with them, thus returning kindness for kindness. Other settlers were not so favored by the Indians.

At the point where the village of Reedsburg now is, Mr. Babb soon ascertained that a magnificent water-power could be obtained, and he looked upon the section with a desire to possess it. He did not have money enough to enable him to invest in the enterprise at the time, but he hoped at some future day, to lay claim to it. Before that day arrived, some individual, from Big Foot Prairie, not only made a discovery of the water-power, but also of the existence of iron, not a great distance from it. It is said that this individual returned to Big Foot Prairie, and told of his discovery to David C. Reed, who was then living at that point. It is also said, that the discoverer of the iron mine died not long after the discovery was made. If he is not confounded with Harry Perry, of the copper mine notoriety, it would seem that the fates of the two men were similar, both dying soon after they made

their discovery. It is also said that Mr. Powell, afterwards one of Mr. Reed's partners, made the discovery of the mines. Be this as it may, it is certain that Mr. Reed immediately sought out the place, and having satisfied himself regarding its worth, he proceeded to enter two hundred acres of land including the mines, known now as Iron-ton, and also a quarter section, taking in the mill-power, the latter being what is now the portion, lying south of Main street, of the village of Reedsburg. While the surrounding country presented magnificent farming lands, the portion bordering the Baraboo river, at this point, was a marsh that trembled beneath the feet, whenever walked upon; yet, Mr. Reed thought he saw a place to build a city. The rocky bottom of the river here, afforded a good base for the dam, and the location was such that it must some day become the center of trade. However much Mr. Reed's judgment may have erred in other things, in these it was correct; since the marsh has been dried; and the thriving village of Reedsburg shows no signs of having started under such unpromising circumstances. The improvement of the mill-power was commenced in June, 1847, and Reed & Powell erected a saw-mill, or rather the frame for one, in June, 1848. For the accommodation of the families of these men and the workmen, three shanties were built. Were they still standing, they would be nearly in the center of Main street. They were made of poles, and roofed with bark; were twelve feet square, having an intervening space of twelve feet, all under cover. A fourth and a fifth shanty were afterward added; the latter by Rev. A. Locke, who was one of the early settlers. It was two feet larger each way on the ground, than the others. He had a large family, and needed more room than did the other settlers. The shanties were not very pleasant habitations, as umbrellas were required to protect the inmates from storms; yet, all of the people, who settled here for several years, had to find a dwelling place there for a time. They were numbered, and were known by their numbers as are more aristocratic city rows. William McClung (a millwright) and family; J. L. Green and Keyes Bishop, (two single men) and the mill-owners, were all the inhabitants of Reedsburg, whom Austin Seeley and family found here on their arrival.

Mr. Reed appears to have been a man of great ambition, and of great hopes, but he came to this part of the country, hampered by debts, and seems never to have been able to work out to perfection, his cherished schemes. He imagined that a city might be built up on his land, and offered all of the inducements in his power to accomplish that end; and those inducements led some people to visit this section of the



country. Seeley came from Walworth county, passing through Baraboo, and arrived here with only three dollars, with which to begin life anew. Mr. Seeley was discouraged as soon as he saw the place, and offered the man who had moved him, the three dollars to take him back to Baraboo. But the man required four dollars for such services. So Reedsburg got one family, whose members, had they possessed another dollar, would have settled at Baraboo. The Seeleys built a part of a shanty, which was afterward known as the "Mill-House," from its close proximity to the mill. They arrived in January. The mill was not running at that time, and it was four months before Mr. Seeley got any work. What was worse, he had worked but four days, when he accidentally cut one of his thumbs off, which disabled him for a time. The following fall, he built a house, and in consequence of his crippled condition, Mrs. Seeley was obliged to lay the shingles. Mr. Seeley is now a flourishing gunsmith on Main street, and owns a fine property. His son, Morris Seeley, is in the picture and music business at the same stand.

John W. Rork and family, of Racine, arrived in February, 1849. They would have been here the preceding fall, but the illness of their son, Reuben, prevented their making the journey at that time. Unlike some of the other settlers, they came moderately well supplied with provisions and money. They found the people in the shanties in a state of destitution, the only eatable thing in the whole row being a shank of venison; and they, at once, shared their plenty with the less fortunate. But a time came when they were as destitute as the others. Sicknes and misfortune attended them; they shared their provisions with the others until all were gone, and potatoes were all they had for food. Money was not much use, either, for provisions could not be obtained nearer than Portage or Madison, and there were neither teams nor time to haul them hither. Notwithstanding their hardships, the early settlers claim to have been happy and contented. The privations were shared in common, and became a subject oft-times for sport. True, almost every woman came into the place weeping, but they all speedily recovered their self-possession, and bore their trials with heroism.

Sometime in 1849, Mr. Powell sold out his interest in the mill to Caleb Crosswell, a new-comer, and Mr. Crosswell in turn sold his interest to William Van Bergen, the same year. A post-office was established in the village during 1849, Horace Crosswell, a brother of Caleb, being appointed post-master. The mail was brought once a week from Baraboo, by a man who made the journey on foot. Horace for a time kept

the post-office in Lavina Reed's pocket,—she was a nice young lady, of course, and he was a single man. Later, Eber Benedict was appointed deputy. The latter gentleman and family came from Walworth county, to this place in the fall of 1849. He was a carpenter, and he built a carpenter shop near the mill. The building was fourteen by twenty feet on the ground; but, small as it was, it answered the purpose of dwelling house, post-office, boarding-house and shop. This house was erected on Friday, became a dancing hall on Saturday night, and a church on Sunday; the family not taking possession by moving until Monday. Mrs. Benedict, who is an excellent nurse, was for a time all the physician in the village. Her services were always to be had “without money and without price.” Her kindness to the sick is gratefully remembered by young and old alike. The Benedicts still reside in the village, in a commodious dwelling on Walnut street. [Space will not allow us to follow the fortunes of all the settlers of this town, or even to make mention of them; but we shall endeavor to notice the early settlers and more prominent people of the village, as far as our knowledge will permit, in connection with the general history.]

For some time, there was but one horse team in the place, and that was a span of mules belonging to the owners of the mill; hence all travel was done by oxen or on foot. Mr. Locke owned a yoke of oxen, but they were poor in flesh and had to lean up against each other to keep from falling down. He occasionally drove the team to Baraboo for supplies, and, at one time, Mrs. Austin Seeley accompanied him. On their return, when about two miles this side of Baraboo, Mrs. Seeley concluded to walk a short distance, by the way of a change. It was early in the spring, and the weather that day, was made up of alternate sunshine and rain. On the approach of a shower, Mrs. Seeley looked back to ascertain how near she was to the conveyance, but it was not in sight. She walked on until she got wet, and walked on until dry again, and even sat down occasionally to rest, without catching a glimpse of Locke or his oxen. In fact she saw no more of either until five hours after her arrival at Reedsburg, when they came poking slowly into town. Surely that was a slow train.

Mr. Locke delivered the first sermon for Reedsburg people soon after his arrival. He now resides on a farm near the village, and which he located at an early day. He is a peculiar man. Though a minister, he belongs to no sect. He claims that God's church is all one church, and that religion should be free. He will take no pay for his services in that line. He is a stirring man, and will sometimes do the amount of a day's



work on his farm in the morning, before the neighbors are up. He has the Bible at tongue's end, and is said to make his sermons up therefrom.

The year 1849 brought a few other settlers. Z. T. Carver and his wife and two children came that year. So did Daniel Carver. The latter located on a farm. Mr. Vernoy and family, J. P. Mowers, Horace Carver and Samuel Chase also settled here that year. All but Mr. Chase have removed to other parts of the country.

D. B. Rudd and E. O. Rudd, brothers, now proprietors of Rudd's Mills, on the line of the West Wisconsin Railway, were among the pioneers, having arrived here in 1849. They were single men, and they brought their mother and sister to keep house for them. But Colonel Strong, who came in the next year, finally coaxed that sister to accept the position of Mrs. R. M. Strong, and to make glad his home instead of theirs. The blow was a terrible one to the brothers. Neither ever took another house-keeper. The frost of life's winter is gleaming among their dark hair, but no gentle hand ever strokes it away. Though wealthy and influential, they have turned from woman-kind, and live only to console each other. Z. T. Carver, was also a settler in 1849. He located on a farm.

A. F. Leonard, now a grocer on Main street, was another of the settlers of 1849. His brother, John Leonard, and a George Huffnail, accompanied him. Himself and the latter gentleman took up land, two and a half miles distant from the present village of Reedsburg, and the two built a shanty in partnership on Leonard's portion. Previous to the arrival of their families, they did their own cooking, when they were fortunate enough to have anything to cook. They were much annoyed, for a time, by the Indians, who begged for everything that they possessed. At first, it was thought that it would be best to conciliate the natives by acceding to their demands; but the begging continued, and the settlers soon found that they must stop giving, or be without needed articles themselves. But they had given enough to make the Indians very persistent, so much so that Mr. A. F. Leonard had his patience exhausted, and he determined to rid his house of the nuisances. One morning, he armed himself with bowie knives and pistols, and went about his work with a darkly threatening brow. The Indians made their daily visit as usual, but, for the first time they omitted the begging. They gathered in little groups, gestured and talked; they even approached Mr. Leonard and examined the knives and pistols, without expressing the slightest want. Finally they went away. The inmates of the cabin, it must be said, were a little anxious concerning

the result of the strategy. The cabin itself had not even a door. A blanket was all that interposed between them and danger, when asleep. How easily the savages could massacre them and appropriate the coveted possessions. It was not a very pleasant reflection. In fact, that same night they were awakened by the tread of horses feet, seemingly a great number. Only two of the men were at home, John Leonard having gone to Mr. Rork's to do a baking. The intruders would march up to the house, then stop as if in council, retreat and march up again. All through that long and terrible night the two men sat up in bed, pistols in hand, calculating to kill the first savage that dared to raise the blanket; and all night the marching toward the cabin and the retreating from it were continued at intervals. But daylight found the anxious inmates still unmolested. They now carefully crept from their beds and began to reconnoiter the situation. The first peep disclosed the trouble: A drove of Indian ponies had broken from confinement, and had spent the night in close proximity to the cabin. No Indians were to be seen.

Samuel Leonard, father of the two men mentioned, also settled here in 1849. He died some years since. E. L. Leonard, son of A. F. Leonard, now keeps a toilet and barber shop on Main street.

The whole country was at a later time the scene of a severe Indian scare, brought about in this wise: The Indians were seen in counsel, shaking their heads and displaying a war-like spirit. Some apprehensive person, who saw this, immediately started a report that the Indians were planning an attack, which rapidly spread, causing a general consternation. So great a feeling of fear, and a determination to fight existed, that some parties came near shooting their relatives, who had been absent, and were returning home after dark, thinking that the intruders might be Indians. On examination it was found that the Indians were counseling over the wrongs of their brothers farther north, who were besieged by the Sioux and Chippewas. The Winnebagoes at this place were more frightened than the whites. They were not only debarred from getting assistance from the whites, but were apprehensive that the latter would arise and destroy them.

The first fourth-of-July celebration occurred in 1849. There was little with which to make a celebration, but the people were very patriotic. The men determined to raise a liberty-pole on that occasion, and regretted that they had no flag to adorn it. But the women resolved that a flag should adorn that same pole, and they set their wits to work in order to find material. The men wore blue denims clothes, and so

did many of the women, but this, after much wear, was not very blue. Neither could they get a piece large enough for the ground work of the flag, so it was resolved that the stars should be blue put upon a white ground. The men wore buck-skin patches on the seats and knees of their pantaloons, and, to economize as well as to get pieces that were of a brighter blue, the women cut out the denims under the buck skin and made it into stars. A woman's under-garment furnished a square of white, and some strips; while, by a little shortening up of the men's shirts, some red stripes were obtained. But the women did not know how to cut a five-pointed star, and in consequence the stars on that flag all had six points. Horace Crosswell was the ladies' man at that period, and general confidant. (Mrs. Seeley says he was just such a man as Mr. Ellinwood was more recently, and before marriage.) To him the women confided the secret, showing him the flag. "That won't do," he immediately declared. "The national star has only five points." So the stars were all ripped off; and, as there was no material to make new ones, one point of each was cut off, and the others twisted into shape. One young lady, Agnes McClung, embroidered on a piece of cloth that charming couplet:

"The star spangled banner, long may it wave,  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

This was tacked on the flag, and the work was pronounced complete. Then came the dinner to prepare. Groceries and luxuries were few, but the combined possessions of the settlers formed quite an array of dainties, though no one person could have made even a pie, independent of her neighbors. Rev. A. Locke delivered the address. His only trouble was his forgetting the exact date of the declaration of independence; and, no one being able to inform him, his hearers bade him "proceed and never mind it." Otherwise the lecture was pronounced a success. The dinner, the like of which had never been tasted in this part of the world before, was highly enjoyed, and the remains of it were given to the Indians, that they might make merry too. The celebration was held in the mill, which had neither floor nor roof. But some loose boards had been put down, and upon these the people danced that night, lighted by only a few flickering tallow-dips. It was the first dance in Reedsburg. The old settlers speak of that time as the most enjoyable fourth-of-July of their whole lives.

The first school was a missionary school, and was taught by Amanda Saxby, in her father's shanty, in the winter of 1849. There were seven scholars, and seven of the family to occupy the twelve feet square room, and only one small window to light it. The lady was not very

successful, therefore, in teaching the "heathens," as her father is said to have called them, and the school was of short existence. The next school was taught by Amanda Wheeler, now Mrs. S. H. Chase, in the spring and summer of 1850. This school was supported by a private tax. The first regular district school was taught by R. M. Strong, now known as Colonel Strong, and residing in Baraboo.

Miss Amanda Wheeler, who taught the second school, was married a few days after its opening, to S. H. Chase; and this was the first marriage in the village. Previous to this (May, 1849) Francis Swallow was married to Wash. Grey, by John H. Rork, which was the first marriage in the township.

It seems from the records in people's memory, that Reedsburg was in early times abundantly supplied with itinerant preachers, some of whom did not live up at all times to the gospel which they preached. One of these was J. S. Saxby, who came in 1849. (He, however, settled here, and remained for some years.) Report says that after not living the most praise-worthy life in this part of the world, he left his family, went out west and married a squaw.

Another preacher that is not pleasantly remembered by every one, was Rev. Daniel Wood, a Methodist, who was stationed a few miles west of the burg in 1856. His salary not being immense, he took some land to work on shares from W. S. Hubbell, a farmer residing some five miles from Reedsburg. But a difficulty arose in regard to the division of the crops, and a discussion with fists followed, in which the owner of the land got soundly threshed. As usual in such cases, Mr. Hubbell appealed to the law for redress. A warrant was issued, and the beligerent clergyman was brought before His Honor, Justice West, on a charge of assault and battery. Joseph Mackey, one of the mill proprietors, and a lawyer as well, appeared for the prosecution, and Hon. E. G. Wheeler, another lawyer of no mean reputation, for the defense. To the surprise of the prosecution, the reverend gentleman interposed as defense, the plea that he had merely been disciplining one of the stiff-necked of his flock. He had exhorted Brother Hubbell, and prayed with him to no purpose; and as a last resort had tried to pound the grace of God and the virtue of charity into him. The plea was not sustained and the defendant was fined.

A. L. Seeley, a brother of Austin Seeley, was another who tried preaching. He was a wild fellow at best and people did not consider him fit for the pulpit, but he thought he had got religion and was called to preach the gospel. L. B. Swallow, another old settler, who had kept



a blacksmith shop, store and bar in one room, for a period commencing in 1853, also got the preaching mania. These two exponents of the gospel both tried their powers of eloquence at Big Creek. Their relative success may be estimated by the answer of one of their hearers, who replied, on being asked which one he liked best, that Seeley preached Swallow all to h—l. It is said that both are trying their powers in some other land at the present time.

The people in the early times had a peculiar way of locating land-seekers. Horace Crowell and Joseph Green were the committee that waited upon parties in search of land, to point out the best locations. The stranger was invariably asked if he was married, and if he had any children. The married men who had children were located in the village; the childless married men had to go out a mile or two, and the single ones were always informed that all the land within five or six miles of the village was taken. The citizens were determined to build up the village, and would take no one in that could not help with more than himself and wife.

The territory of the present town of Reedsburg was formerly divided between the towns of Baraboo and Eagle. In 1850, a town of Reedsburg was established, named in honor of D. C. Reed. It comprised the present towns of Woodland, LaValle, Winfield and a portion of Ironton, in addition to what is now known as Reedsburg. The town articles were drafted in a blacksmith shop, and upon the top of James W. Babb's hat. The first officers of this town were, John H. Rork, S. Kerstetter and W. P. Randall, Supervisors; and Daniel Carver, Treasurer. Reductions were made at intervals until 1854, when the town was included in its present boundaries. It is said that, in those early times, instead of men's feeling honored by an election, they considered the duties of town officers so onerous that it was very difficult to fill the places at all.

At this time there was a great rage for county-seats. Every man, as soon as he built a house, marked out a court house square, and expected his place to be the county-seat. In consequence, there was a great deal of rivalry and jealousy between different portions of the county.

The original village plat belonged to D. C. Reed and George H. Irwin, a relative of Reed's; one owning the land south, and the other that north of Main street. The additions to Reedsburg are Mackey's First, made August, 1856, and Dwinnell's addition, made about the same time; Mackey's Second and Third Additions, Motts three Additions, and Mrs. Titus' Addition.

The village was laid out in 1852, but a village charter was not obtained until April, 1868. The first village officers under this new charter were A. O. Hunt, President and Police Justice; and Moses Young, D. B. Rudd, Dedrich Schwecke, Wash. Warren, Nelson Wheeler and O. H. Perry, Trustees.

E. G. Wheeler and family were among the new settlers of 1850. His sister, Mrs. Chase, gives the time of their arrival, with the precision which characterizes her, as being "March 16th, 1850, 9:30 P.M." Mr. Wheeler found in a few hours after his coming that most, if not all, of the men indulged in the use of ardent spirits, and he declared emphatically, in the evening of that day, that he never felt more like delivering a temperance lecture in his life, and wished that he had a place to deliver one. The people took him at his word, and in less than a half hour, Shanty No. 2 had been put in order, and nearly every man, woman and child in the neighborhood had seated themselves therein, in readiness to hear the lecture. Mr. Wheeler was taken a little aback, when he learned that he was really expected to lecture, but he did not ask to be excused. He took up the temperance question and handled it so ably, that all were pleased beyond measure. There have been many temperance lectures in the village since, but old settlers declare that none of them equalled in excellence and pathos that one—the first temperance lecture ever delivered here. E. G. Wheeler practiced law here for several years. In 1854, he was elected as County Judge, since which time he has been known as Judge Wheeler. He was afterwards a resident of Sparta, and later went to Dakota.

Quite an excitement occurred in 1850 in this wise: Caleb Crosswell and another man were out with a team after supplies, and when some twenty miles from home, they felt the need of water and halted at a spot where traces of water existed. Leaving the team in the charge of his companion, Caleb went on a prospecting tour among the hills. Finding himself unsuccessful he concluded to return, but on endeavoring to do so, found that he was lost. He was so bewildered that he wandered around and around, occasionally coming upon his own tracks. The man in charge of the team waited for him until the next day, when he returned to Reedsburg with the news that Caleb was missing. Fear and suspicion at once seized the minds of the inhabitants, and imagination soon made them nearly wild with apprehension. The women began baking and continued it for hours, until sufficient food for a long hunt was ready. Mrs. Seeley's adopted child was dying, but she bade her husband go, saying she would watch with it alone. Every man in the



village went. Poor Caleb had wandered three days without any food and, discouraged, had lain down to die, when the sound of a cow-bell fell upon his ears. What sweet music it was! It told of life, of friends, of home! Hope made him strong. He got up, traced out the animal, kept near her and finally followed to a house. There he told his story, and the good people carefully attended to his wants. There the Reedsburg people found him, weak from his four days fast and wandering; but alive and safe.

Caleb Crosswell was elected to the Assembly from Sauk County that same fall. Afterwards he was consul to some part of Russia, and from there has returned, and now resides at Chicago.

The first store was opened in the spring of 1850, by J. F. Sanford, with O. H. Perry in charge, and was kept for a time in a bar-room. The amount of merchandise on hand was small, and in order to prevent the annoyance of people's asking for articles not on hand, a half sheet of paper containing a catalogue of goods for sale, was kept posted on the door, so that all might ascertain, without asking, if the articles wanted were there.

J. S. Strong and family made their advent here in the fall of 1850. Strong & Son (the latter is now known as Col. R. M. Strong) opened a store soon after their arrival. The Strong family were noted for their extreme piety and kindly dispositions. Mrs. Strong was a mother to the whole village. Henry C. Strong, railroad agent at Baraboo, is the younger son of J. S. Strong. J. Mackey tells a little story concerning Henry, that illustrates how the children were raised. Mr. Mackey and some friends were to start out hunting one Monday morning, and being out of ammunition, the former went to Strong's store to replenish his stock on Sunday evening. Henry Strong, then a lad, was the one he interviewed concerning the purchase of the same. "Sir," replied Henry with a polite bow, (the Strong's are all politeness doubly refined) "we do not sell goods on Sunday; but we shall be pleased to accommodate you to-morrow." "But, Henry, we are to start before you are up," pleaded Mr. Mackey. "Can't help that, sir (with another bow) my father's orders are to sell no goods on Sunday, and you can buy no ammunition here to-day." The extreme earnestness and decision, coupled with such marked politeness, set Mr. Mackey into a roar of laughter, instead of displeasing him.

The parents of this model family have gone to their long homes, but their memory is fresh in the hearts of the people.

Colonel Strong is said to possess great native modesty, which was

illustrated in an election that took place in 1854. Samuel Ramsey and Colonel Strong were both running on the same ticket as town superintendent; and the result was a tie vote, which was decided by drawing cuts, ending in favor of Ramsey. "I was a plaguey fool," said the Colonel to Ramsey, at a later date. "I might have been elected, but I was so d——d modest that I voted for you instead of myself."

Some of the women tell another pretty good story on Colonel Strong, and which happened at an early day, before the Colonel had got caught in the meshes of matrimony, and when he was somewhat charmed by the black eyes and gay humor of one Kate Huffnail. This young girl lived in the country, and used to come to the village, at times, on horseback to do her trading. On one occasion, she rode a spirited horse, and while indulging in small talk with the Colonel before leaving for home, dared him to take a ride with her. The Colonel, thinking perhaps to intimidate her, sprang, hatless, on the horse behind her; whereupon the girl applied the whip to the already restless animal, and away they went like mad people, to the intense amusement of the lookers-on, never pausing until they reached Huffnail's house, two miles and a half distant. The Colonel is probably too sedate to do so now.

Dr. R. G. Williams, who settled here in the fall of 1850, was the first resident physician. He died in 1854, but he is remembered as a man of integrity, learning and most successful practice. The faith of the people in his ability to heal was remarkable. For years after his death, no one died but the remark was made that had Dr. Williams been living such a thing would not have occurred.

Dr. Williams was succeeded in practice by Dr. Samuel Ramsey, who settled here in November, 1853, bringing a young wife with him. The doctor, previous to his coming, had been quite a traveler,—in fact, had been through the Mexican war, first doing duty as a common soldier in the regular army, and afterwards second lieutenant of his company, having been promoted from the ranks to that position. At the end of eight years, after becoming a resident of this place, the doctor retired from the practice of his profession. He is now in the drug business on Main street, and also deals largely in hops.

Among the settlers of 1850, were George Kellogg and family. His son John, in 1853, started the first brick-yard in the town; and some four years later opened a small grocery. Becoming dissatisfied, John started for Pike's Peak in 1859, renting his store, during his absence, to his brother-in-law, N. V. Chandler. He got cured of the gold fever before reaching his destination, and soon returned to his regular business.

The amount of his goods could not have been large, for we find in a "Free Press" of 1860, that he advertised the sale of his complete stock, worth twenty-five dollars, at reduced rates, to make room for several dollars worth of goods, which he had just ordered from Milwaukee. But he seems to have made money by his business, since in 1866, he added dry goods to his other merchandise. Mr. Kellogg was also postmaster for a number of years, resigning in 1872, in favor of his present partner, A. L. Harris, who came into this village in 1871. The firm of Kellogg & Harris is now a large wholesale and retail general merchandise house, second to none in the village. Kellogg & Harris also deal largely in hops. In 1874, they bought and shipped 1,058 bales, being the largest amount bought by any one firm, on its own account, in this great hop centre. Mr. Kellogg is also express agent, having filled that position ever since the coming of the railroad into this place.

O. H. Perry, now of the firm of Perry & Lincoln, a general merchandise house on Main street, dates his coming to Reedsburg from 1850. He was sent here to run Sanford's store, the first in the village. He was deputy sheriff for eight years, ending in 1862, when he opened in the mercantile business for himself. S. H. Chase was another of the settlers of 1850. So was James Coughran and family.

A Methodist Episcopal church was organized by Rev. Nelson Butler, in November, 1850, at the residence of John Clark, with twelve members, six of whom were received on probation. The society erected a building in 1855, which was named the Reedsburg Tabernacle, and which served for worship a long time, when in 1872, a more pretentious edifice was built. The present pastor of the Methodist church is Rev. N. Leech.

Some of the early settlers grew to be economical,—perhaps it was necessary that they should be. There is a story of one of them to this effect: Some of his family were ill, and mutton soup had been ordered by the physician. He had several sheep, but he did not like to kill them, merely for a little soup, so he hit upon a plan by which he hoped to retain all of the sheep and have the soup as well. He cut off the tails of the animals, and thus manufactured the needed article without slaughtering any of them. We cannot, however, recommend this method to people in general, as we are told that his sheep died from the effects of the strategy.

Another incident of pioneer life is shown in the fact that nearly every person in the town, at one time, had the prairie itch. It is said, though we do not vouch for the truth of the assertion, that they had scratching

bees for amusement; and this was how it was done: A couple stood up back to back, each placing the left foot against the calf of the opposite leg, the left hand on the left thigh, and the right hand on the left arm; then began to scratch to a great advantage, as back, leg, thigh and arm were, in this manner, scratched at one and the same time. Occasionally the position of the arms and legs was reversed. It is said a great deal of amusement and comfort were furnished in this manner.

Still another phase of pioneer life, that might seem laughable now, was that the early settlers, men women and children, all went bare-foot during the summers, and wore Indian moccasins in the winters.

Bears continued to be quite plenty, and hunting them was a great amusement for the people. There is a story told of how one Sunday, while Mr. Saxby was preaching, a bear was seen by one of the audience from a window, whereupon the word "bear" was whispered audibly by a dozen different persons. This caused a rush for the door. In less than five minutes, every man, woman and child had started after the bear, and Mr. Saxby must discontinue his discourse, or preach to the naked walls.

Reedsburg had been in existence some two years before a child was born, and owing to the fact that the influx of immigration was scanty, fears were entertained that the colony would die out in time, unless something was done to renew the population. There was but one traveled road entering the place, and that led from Baraboo hitherward. The Reedsburg people say that the Barabooites stopped all travelers, and offered them inducements to settle there, and if possible, prevented them from journeying further,—which was very commendable to the enterprise of Baraboo, though derogatory to the growth of Reedsburg. Mr. Reed, who was always ready for emergencies, hit upon a plan to increase the population, by home culture; and accordingly offered a choice of any unsold village lot to the woman who would present the town with the first baby. Mrs. Seeley went immediately to Baraboo, and took a motherless babe therefrom to raise. But it was decided that nothing foreign, premature or blasted could obtain the offered prize. It must be a home-born, healthy, bawling, kicking baby. There were some eighteen married women in the village who could enlist in the enterprise, and the sequel shows that nearly all of them made up their minds to go into the real estate business; since fifteen babies were born during the succeeding year, the first being the son to Jacob Mowers, who was named J. Roundy Mowers. There were, however, births in the township previous to this. A daughter was born to Thompson Shephard in



January, 1848; a pair of twin girls to D. C. Barry, a few weeks later, and in March, of the same year, a daughter to Sterne Baker.

Reedsburg had among its early settlers an old maid, whose success in the matrimonial market may be an encouragement to the old maids of the present day. This old maid was not blessed with abundant beauty, for which reason the men did not wait upon her as often as was desirable; hence, being determined to be in society, she sometimes had to resort to strategy in order to secure a companion. At one time, there was to be a dance, to which she had no invitation, but which she resolved to attend. A young man, H. Sprague, now of Eau Claire, boarded where this old maid lived. But he had a girl whom he invited to the dance, and so took no notice of the old maid's assertions that she would like to go. Upon the night in question, he went to the stable to harness a horse, and when he brought the animal to the place where the sleigh was, he found the seat occupied by this same old maid. He did not know what to do. He was too much of a gentleman to order her out, and he did not want to take her with him. There seemed to be no help for the latter course, and he was obliged to submit. But he was so angry that he did not dance with her a single time during the whole night. Sometime afterward, a man living somewhere on the prairie, lost his wife. The old chap was possessor of about a dozen children, the younger being a babe two or three months old. There was trouble at the shanty. Somebody must take care of the children; and who beside a wife would do such a task? Then where was a wife even to be found? Emergencies, however, demanded immediate action, and he went out in search of some one to enjoy with him the comforts of his shanty, and the possession of the dozen youngsters, stopping at every house with the question: "Is there any wimmin' here as wants to git married?" The inquiry did not always elicit a pleasant reply, for in one or two places he was answered by the sudden appearance of a broomstick. Still he persevered until he reached the village, when somebody recommended the old maid to him. He did not have to journey farther. A match was immediately made, the marriage taking place scarcely a week later. Some of the lovers of mischief climbed upon the roof of the shanty and peeped through the cracks to witness the courtship. They aver that he began thus: "Dear, if you love me as I do you, come and sit on my lap." She did, and she went. After the marriage, the pair proceeded, at once, to look after the needs of the dozen children. They found the house filled with women, and on the bed was a row of babies, from which the bride was laughingly told to choose her

own. The old maid is said to have made a first-rate wife and mother; her devotion to the children was great, and when people spoke of it, her reply was: "I can't help but love the little darlings, for I love their dear father so much." Widowers should take note, and not pass the old maids by when in search of wives.

In the spring of 1851, the famous saw-log war occurred. The Baraboo people were running logs down the Baraboo river, past Reeds' mill. Reed claimed that those logs were cut on government land, and in order to purchase them cheap, in case he could influence a seizure of them, or to get the sawing to do, he dammed the river, and held them at this point. Several irate Barabooites came immediately to Reedsburg, to demand their release, but did not accomplish that mission; and, it is said, that seventy armed men, accompanied by the Deputy United States Marshal, arrived here the next day, to compel the cutting away of the dam. The marshal gave the order, his men went to work, and the logs were speedily let loose. The Reedsburg people looked on this action as a step beyond the province of the marshal, and they immediately arrested him. The affair caused considerable excitement in both villages. Some Reedsburg persons, determined that the logs should not go down to their destination, felled trees across the river to prevent their progress, which of course, made the Barabooites considerable trouble. The latter, however, came out ahead. They released the marshal with a writ of *habeas corpus*, and the affair never came to trial.

A Congregational church was organized in 1851, at the school-house, with ten members. S. S. Saxby was the first resident preacher of any denomination in the village, and the pastor of this church. S. A. Dwinnell was pastor of the same church for several years, commencing in January, 1852. In 1855, a church edifice was erected at a cost of one thousand six hundred dollars. This was the first church building in the village. In 1871, it was repaired and re-furnished at an expense of one thousand two hundred dollars. The present pastor is W. H. Hinkley.

The McDonald family made their advent into this town in 1851. Enos, one of the children, has a grocery and liquor store on Vine street. In company with his two brothers, John and James, he works a farm of four hundred and twenty acres, raising a large amount of produce for shipment.

Reuben Rork, now known as A. R. Rork, has a cigar manufactory in the village at the present time.

The Baptist church of Reedsburg was organized in January, 1852,



by Rev. P. Conrad, of Baraboo. A large edifice was built by this society, in 1872, at an expense of over two thousand dollars. Rev. G. W. Lincoln is the presiding pastor for 1875.

Rev. S. A. Dwinnell became a resident of this place in 1852, and still remains such. Mr. Dwinnell bears the reputation of being a very decided man. In fact, a Mrs. Rathbun was once heard to say that her husband and Mr. Dwinnell were the "two sottest men in town." Mr. Dwinnell has always been a staunch abolitionist, and as such had some stirring controversies with the conservative men, during the war, and also previous to it. He is a man of remarkable memory, and some literary ability, and is in general much beloved by the people. A long and unpromising illness has taken him from the pulpit, but he continues to write occasionally. His articles are historical. Illustrative of his determined nature, we will give a good story that is told about him, which shows how one's own disposition has an effect upon not only his household, but on the animals in his care. Mr. Dwinnell had raised a fine cow, which, though she gave a large mess of rich milk, she generally determined to kick over. Objecting to this determination, the Elder made up his mind to sell her. A purchaser was found, who inquired concerning her character. "She gives an abundance of rich milk," said the Elder. "The only objection I have to her, is that she is a very determined cow. If she gets a notion into her head, she is hard to change." The customer put little weight on the last remark, and he bought the animal. However, the first time he milked her, she upset the milk, and, some people do say, upset him, too. In a rage, he flew to her former owner, and demanded to know why such a beast had been recommended to him. "Does she not give plenty of rich milk?" was asked. "Yes, but she kicks like thunder." "I told you she was a determined cow," said Mr. Dwinnell. "If she makes up her mind to kick, all the world can't stop her; and from what you say it seems she has." This incident will do to go along with another that J. Mackey tells on himself. He wanted to purchase some cattle, soon after his arrival in Reedsburg, and one Metcalf offered him a yoke that seemed very desirable. Mr. Mackey knew nothing about cattle, and so asked their ages, in order to be satisfied in regard to them. "They were called seven and eight when I got them, and I have had them a year which would make them eight and nine," was Metcalf's response. This satisfied Mr. Mackey, and he made the purchase. The oxen were well enough while the grass was young and tender, it being spring when Mr. Mackey bought them; but after a time they began to grow poor and

feeble, when it was discovered that they had no teeth, and could not bite the grass. Nor was this all, since knowing ones affirmed that the cattle were nearly a score of years old. Later, when Mackey and Metcalf met, the former demanded to know why the latter had lied to him. But Metcalf excused the deceit by declaring that he had never lied about the matter. He had simply said that they were called so and so, ending the statement with the malicious remark: "The next time you buy cattle, examine their teeth." Mackey acted on this advise, and bought a yoke of cattle having sound teeth, only to discover that they were diseased in the legs. This disgusted him, and he retired from the cattle business.

The position of the pioneers seems to have been trying for some years. Reed was always involved in debt, and his workmen never received their wages in money. Lumber was the general currency, and it was often below par, as the men sometimes were obliged to sell at any price that they could get for it, and take their pay in trade at that. Sometimes, when the men could not get their pay, they would take the mills from Reed, and run said mills until they had what was owing to them. At one time the mills were run, in this manner, by Carver, Rork & West. These three men set the grist mill a-going for the first time. Reed had partially built it, and then stopped on account of lacking funds. Carver, Rork & West completed it and ran it about a year, to get back what money they expended on it. Previous to the completion of the grist mills, flour had to be hauled from Madison and Portage,—Baraboo being but a mere hamlet, and no better off than Reedsburg.

In 1853, J. Mackey, then of Schoharie county, New York, made arrangements for purchasing the grist and saw mills, together with three hundred and twenty acres of land adjacent to them, and six hundred acres of pine land, lying from eight to fourteen miles further up the river. Mr. Reed had become deeply involved, and not being able to raise the heavy mortgages on his property, was obliged to let it pass out of his hands. In the spring of 1854, Joseph Mackey and his brother Safford took possession of the mills. At that time the grist mill consisted of one run of stones, and the saw mill of two up-and-down saws, both mills being much out of repair. The new proprietors put them in complete order, and immediately began to pay cash for labor and supplies, which gave a new impetus to the business and growth of the town. The nearest mills to the east were then at Delton and Baraboo; and to the west on the Kickapoo river. An additional run of stones was put in the Reedsburg grist mill to meet the increasing business, and from that time the rapid growth and prosperity of the village

seemed certain. It became the centre of trade for a large section of country, extending as far west as the Kickapoo. In 1855, or thereabouts, a first-class store was erected, and supplied with goods by Messrs. Young & Northrup, and several other stores, of more limited stocks of goods, were opened, in order to fill the demand. The prosperity of Reedsburg continued with unabated vigor, until the year 1857, when the general stagnation which overwhelmed the whole country, had a baneful influence here, in common with other parts. The less courageous returned to their eastern homes, or went still farther west, and for a time the village seemed at a stand-still.

During the year 1855, the Mackey Brothers associated with them in business another brother, Dr. E. R. Mackey. The latter remained here from that time until 1860, when he returned to Catskill, New York, and resumed the practice of his profession.

Among the settlers of 1853, we find the following now doing business here: A. M. Sanders, proprietor of a carriage factory, which has been in operation for four years. This factory employs four hands, viz: H. Chandler, John Shale, Michael Buckley and William Barth. A. M. Sanders was only a lad upon coming to this place. His father, John Sanders, settled on a farm, where he still resides. Peter Emser, a blacksmith, came in 1853, and finally succeeded in business J. Leach, a blacksmith whose residence dates farther back, and who was the first of his trade in the village. William Winchester, the first painter here, arrived the same year. So did John Miles, a mason. D. A. Barnhart, dates his residence here from 1854. He is a gunsmith.

Moses Young became a resident here in 1854. He built the store where Hunt & Chase now are, and opened it with general merchandise. This he kept fourteen years. Saff. Mackey and H. C. Hunt went into company with him in 1866. Young and Mackey retired from the firm in 1868, and H. C. Hunt continued the business. Mr. Young seems to have been much liked as a merchant by the people.

The then young folks at Reedsburg and vicinity, at that time, do not appear to have had a proper appreciation of the value of education. Sedate, married ladies and gentlemen of the present day laugh until tears stand in their eyes, over the memories of their school-days. In the winter of 1854, Garrett Rathburn, a Methodist minister, opened a select school in the village. It was intended to be a high-toned institution, and some thirty young people of both sexes were the pupils. The teacher was a patient, plodding Christian, a man whose extreme conscientiousness caused him to bear and forbear, until these grand qualities

were scarcely to be called virtues. He was also slightly deformed, his upper jaw and teeth projecting far over the lower ones. He spoke, from this cause, with some difficulty, and when in haste or in earnest, he would sputter and spit incessantly while communicating. His scholars were all large, but a number of them went to school for fun only. They were not vicious, and did not intend to be mean, but the love of mischief reigned in their natures. The leaders of the trouble-makers were two rollicking boys, Reuben Rork and Phil. Redfield, whose pranks rendered futile all the minister's hard endeavors to keep a good school and those of the more studious scholars to learn. A rickety old stove, that could scarcely stand alone, the only means of warming the room was made by these boys an instrument of daily torture to the teacher, as one or the other was sure to stumble over it, or tip against one of its legs, thereby knocking down both stove and pipe, and filling the room with smoke. For instance, Reuben and Phil. would go after wood. Reuben would take the lighter wood and go ahead. By an agreement Phil. would trip him, and he falling would upset the stove. Then Reuben would pretend to be angry, and a regular fight would ensue, which the teacher would strive in vain to stop. To get into the garret and put up the pipe would be the next thing. The boys would mash the pipe and oblige the teacher to crawl through the small hole, and would keep him there until his eyes were nearly smoked out, in their intended carelessness, preventing him from accomplishing the task. But they were sorry for their carelessness, and worked so zealously to repair the damage, that the good man could not find it in his heart to punish them for what seemed only an accident after all, though continually repeated. Some mischief was always in order. If nothing else, the boys were unable to understand their lessons, and compelled the patient teacher to explain again and again, until he would be completely exhausted. If it were an example in arithmetic, he would get so earnest over it that he would sputter spittle over the black-board, whereupon the youths would rub it all out, saying that he had spit on it so that they could not tell what it was; and the poor master would repeat the explanations until the boys grew weary of that kind of sport, and began to invent some other. They were always dignified, and apparently obedient; and the more dignified they became, the greater reason there was for apprehensions of brewing mischief. Some of the pitying scholars hope that the good man will be recompensed in some after time for all he suffered that winter.

A school teacher was "run out" somewhat later, at Jane's district,



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**FAVORABLE TERMS.**

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a mile and a half distant from Reedsburg, by some boys, who, on a sharp winter night, filled the school-house chimney with straw, and let water drip upon it until it was a solid mass from bottom to top. On attempting to make a fire the next day, the teacher got his eyes nearly smoked out to no purpose, as it took the hottest days of the succeeding summer to thaw the obstruction so it could be removed. It was at the former school that Reuben Rork finished his graduating course. Mr. Rork, however, informs us that he and Phil. did make one other attempt to attend, or rather break up, a school. One, S. J. Brown, a man of great firmness and huge proportions, was the teacher. The boys consulted concerning the feasibility of trying to "run him out," and they concluded that they were able to do it. But upon Reuben's first attempt at mischief, the master walked up to the youth, without a word of inquiry, and grabbing him by the shoulders, threshed the floor the entire length and back with him, all the time continuing the lesson which was at that time being heard, as calmly as if nothing unusual were happening. The boy imagined that he was about killed; and on being released, whispered to Phil., "How is this?" The answer was: "It's bad. Guess he is too much for us."

Mr. Rathburn also made the attempt to organize a singing-school, during his residence at Reedsburg, but with no better success. Himself and the pupils met one evening at the school-room for that purpose. There was no light excepting what was given by a single tallow-candle, which had been brought by the teacher. This he took in one hand, the tallow dripping over his fingers, while he attempted with the other hand to draw the lesson on the black-board. Meantime the young folks were amusing themselves at his expense. Wearied by their noise, he commanded "order!" only to find himself unheeded. "I will have order," he declared, with all the dignity he could command. The titter increased. "I will have order!" he repeated; and before any one was aware of his intention he blew out the tallow-dip, and, with it in his hand, started for his lodgings, leaving the unruly scholars to get out of the dark room the best way that they could. The singing-school was not continued. This same preacher for a time conducted the Sabbath services. The poor man used to go bare-foot, or wear moccasins during the week, but indulged in the luxury of a pair of boots on Sundays. His desk was an ungainly thing with legs, which exposed his feet to the view of the congregation, who could not fail to observe one naked great toe protruding through a hole in the boot. Sunday after Sunday that great toe edified a portion of the people far more than did the sermon.

Giles Stevens, a lawyer still practicing law here, arrived with his family in 1854, and began the practice of his profession. He was the third attorney in town, E. G. Wheeler and Joseph Mackey having preceded him. The next in order was William Miles. There is a story told of how, when L. B. Swallow was elected Justice of the Peace, Giles Stevens retiring, Swallow went to Stevens to be qualified. "H—!" ejaculated Stevens, "I can swear you in, but God Almighty couldn't qualify you!" A companion to this is a story of J. Mackey's practice. A tall, lank woman had engaged him to get her a divorce from her wedded lord, but for some reason or other, had concluded in her own mind that Mr. Mackey was abetting her husband. Consequently she opened the vials of her wrath upon her lawyer, who indignantly requested her to leave his office and never come there again. But she planted her right foot upon the floor and declared that she would not go. Enraged somewhat by her demeanor, Mr. Mackey sprang from his seat and planted down his right foot somewhat as she had done, exclaiming: "Madam, you leave this office or—" he was about to say "I will make you," but observing her form which towered a whole head above him, moving defiantly toward him, he dropped his voice and added: "or I will!" Whereupon he slipped out of the door, and up stairs, to claim the protection of Mrs. Mackey, leaving the irate female master of the field. It is said that Mr. Mackey remained closeted in his bed-room for two whole hours thereafter, waiting for information concerning the woman's departure.

Edward A. Layman and family also settled here in 1854. Mrs. Layman informs us that they could get no place to board, though she took her child, twenty months old, in her arms, and went from house to house looking for one. The few small houses were filled to overflowing. The only hotel at that time, was the old American House, still in existence, and the proprietor would not let her in there except to work. This she was obliged to do to obtain shelter. Soon after, her husband bought the hotel that they might have a home. The hotel they afterwards sold. Mrs. Layman opened a millinery store, ten years ago, and five years later, entered into partnership in the business with Mrs. S. C. Hunt, which is still continued by these ladies. They keep a fine assortment of millinery goods.

Sometime during the summer of 1855, two men came by the way of Baraboo and passed through this village. They drove a four-horse team, and carried in their wagon a barrel of whisky, and some sacks, supposed to be filled with corn, or something of the kind. At Jesse Leach's

they stopped and had some blacksmithing done, paying for it, and also a hotel bill, in coin. After their departure, it was discovered that the money was counterfeit, and Judge Weeler immediately issued a warrant for their arrest. A. F. Leonard was constable, and was sent in pursuit of them. On arriving at the home of the two Richard brothers, living west of Ironton, Mr. Leonard found that the latter persons had also been swindled, and were anxious to avenge the same. The three now began the search in company, following on foot a trail to the west. The force was shortly after augmented by Bill Wood, who also lived near Ironton, and whom they ran across on their jaunt. On a bit of prairie, surrounded by hazel brush, they found the horses feeding, and the counterfeiters asleep. The latter were well armed, and the men in pursuit knew that a desperate encounter would ensue unless strategy was employed, and that should the other chance to awaken before being deprived of their liberty and arms, that blood would surely be shed. They moved cautiously up to the sleepers and succeeded in making the capture before the latter were fairly awake. The boss counterfeiter, finding himself in custody, asked to be allowed to draw a jug of whisky, which was granted, and all hands had a jolly time before returning to the village. Leonard searched the parties and found fifty-four dollars in counterfeit bills on their persons, but no coin. Upon their return to Reedsburg, the boss counterfeiter summoned two witnesses and a lawyer from Baraboo, to defend him. The case was tried before Justice Swallow, and lasted three days. But His Honor would accept of no witnesses against the prisoners, unless they would swear they were experts at detecting counterfeit money. No one would make such an oath, and the case was dismissed. On the same day, however, the Richard brothers found a bag, containing five hundred dollars in counterfeit coin, which the men had hidden in the brush, near their retreat. Sperry was deputy sheriff, and he took charge of it, though what he did with it no one ever knew.

A. O. Hunt and family were among the settlers this year. H. C. Hunt, son of A. O. Hunt, is now doing a large business in general merchandise, in company with H. A. Chase, at Moses Young's old stand, which he bought nine years since. This firm shipped last season seventy car-loads of potatoes, twenty-five thousand pounds of butter, and ten thousand dozen of eggs, which statement will give the reader a small idea of the business, and the general shipments from this place. M. Finch, brother of W. H. Finch of hotel notoriety, settled here in 1855. He was the first harness maker in the village, and still continues that business at his large establishment on Main street.

In 1856, the school district purchased three-fourths of an acre in the northeast part of the village, of Messrs. J. & S. Mackey, and on it built a 30x40 house, two stories high, arranged for two departments. This was opened by Mr. J. S. Conger, who, with his wife, taught the upper room—Miss Emma Tator occupying the lower room. It continued under this efficient management for three years, save that some changes occurred in the lower room. Mr. A. P. Ellinwood then took charge of the school for two years, giving general satisfaction. He was assisted by Miss Alma Haskell in the room above, and Miss S. Shaw below. The war coming on, he enlisted, and during that struggle there were several changes; the following being, as near as we can ascertain, the order of those having charge: Mr. Charles Newcomb, of Baraboo, one year, assisted by his wife; W. S. Hubbell, one year; he has since been connected for some time with the Sauk City schools, where he gave general satisfaction, as also at several other places; he was followed by the Misses Flanders, (Sarah and May) the latter of whom taught one year and a half; next came Mr. William Gillespie, who was assisted by Miss Frances Smith, now Mrs. A. L. Harris; the next was Mr. Jeremiah Bloomer, one year, followed by Mr. George Gregory, who had charge of the upper department for some time, and then of the lower, the upper being taken by Mr. Orson Green. February 7th, 1868, the building was burned. The people of Reedsburg determined to profit by what seemed a severe loss, and consequently commenced the erection of a frame building, 40x50 feet, two stories high, costing \$5,500, and in every way an improvement on the former. This was completed in October, when Mr. Albert Earthman from East Troy, took charge of it, remaining for six years, during which time considerable was done towards supplying the school with maps, charts, globe and other school apparatus. In the summer of 1874, Mr. Earthman removed to St. Paul, where he went to take charge of one of the ward schools. He was assisted in the primary department for four years by Miss Emeline Martindale, (now Mrs. Worthman) who closed her labors at the same time as Mr. Earthman. Miss Jennie E. Little also taught for some time in the intermediate department. The grammar department is, at the present, in the charge of J. H. Gould, assisted by Miss J. E. Little; intermediate department, Miss Lena Little; primary department, Mrs. Belle Sheldon. The number enrolled is usually about one hundred and sixty. It graduates its first class (consisting of four young men and three young ladies) at the close of the present year, all of the class intending to enter the university, freshman class. In noth-



ing is the public spirit of Reedsburg citizens shown more than in its determination to support first-class schools.

In the fall of 1856, some of the principal men of the place conceived the idea that a newspaper would add largely to its importance, and a stock company was formed, with the shares at five dollars each. Two printers, named C. Lohman and P. Ruge, engaged the materials procured, and on the 21st of October of that year, the first number of the "Reedsburg Herald" was issued. It was originally intended to make the paper independent in politics, but upon counting up the shares of stock, it was found that all but three shares were held by Democrats, and as partizan politics at that time ran high, it was determined by the stock-holders to publish the paper in the interest of the Democratic party. It was a well printed, twenty-eight column sheet, and unquestionably a credit to so young a place as Reedsburg was at that time. J. Mackey, E. G. Wheeler and S. Ramsey were announced as the editors, and Lohman & Ruge as the publishers. How long the latter continued to be connected with the paper, we do not know, but Lohman was nominally publisher until sometime in the fall of 1857. He was a dissipated wretch, and was only retained by the stock-holders upon repeated promises of reformation, which he as repeatedly violated. Mr. J. Mackey tells a ludicrous anecdote concerning him. He had been on an unusually long debauch, after which he was taken to task by the committee representing the stock-holders, of whom Mr. Mackey was one, and told that unless he reformed his habits he must sever his connection with the paper. He appeared penitent, and promised total abstinence; and for a while really tried to fulfill the promise. A few days after this, Mr. Mackey, in company with one or two friends, went into a saloon to take a glass of beer. Just as boniface was pouring out the foaming, amber liquid, and before it was raised to the quaffers' lips, who should come in but Lohman. Casting a longing, pitiful look towards the filled glasses, and yet standing at a safe distance from them he exclaimed in sorrowful, tender tones: "Mr. Mackey, that is a most b-e-a-u-tiful beverage!" Mr. Mackey says he never felt so utterly disgusted at any act he had done, as to be caught thus setting a tempting example to this poor slave of appetite, so recently lectured for his shortcomings.

Lohman soon lapsed into his drunken ways. In the fall of 1857, having announced himself as agent to procure loans from the School Fund, he was engaged by a Mr. Card, of Winfield, to negotiate a loan for him, which he did, to the amount of five hundred dollars. But get-



ting on a spree, on his way home from Madison, he either spent, lost, or embezzled the money. He asserted, on his getting home, that he had been robbed; but the transaction put an end to the patience of the company, and they discharged him. For a few weeks, they employed two printers, named Andrew Holt and George Wing, to get out the paper. But the financial crash of that year having already begun to affect their resources unfavorably, it was found necessary to retrench, and they employed Mr. N. V. Chandler, who had removed here in October, to get out the paper at a stipulated price per week, which he continued to do until some time in February, 1858, when, on consultation of the managers, examination of books, etc., it was demonstrated that every number published involved a positive loss, and there was no probability of any amendment; under these circumstances it was resolved to suspend publication forthwith, and the Reedsburg "Herald" was numbered among the things that were.

We find by a reference to the columns of the "Herald" that the following persons were doing business here at the time it was started: E. G. Wheeler, J. Mackey, E. W. Olin, G. Stevens, and Wm. Miles, attorneys; Dr. S. Ramsey, druggist; W. S. Northrop, land-broker; A. H. Clark, proprietor livery stable; M. & E. W. Young, Green & Waterman, J. Johnson & Co., J. Kellogg and W. Shumway, dealers in general merchandise; W. L. Fuller, artist; M. Finch, harness manufacturer; W. W. Winchester & Co. and George Myers, furniture manufacturers; T. Lichtenhien & Co., dealers in dry goods and clothing; L. H. Jewett, grocer; J. & S. Mackey, manufacturers of lumber and flour; Amos Pettyes, tailor; J. & A. Smith, proprietors stage line; W. Warren, blacksmith and D. Wilson, jeweler.

The next newspaper venture in Reedsburg, was in the summer of 1860, and was made by N. V. Chandler. As illustrating the low ebb to which business enterprise and public spirit had receded, we give Mr. Chandler's account of his experience in getting his paper started:

"After the suspension of the 'Herald,' in February, 1858, upon the publication of which I was employed by the Herald Printing Company, after the 'Lohman fiasco,' I busied myself as best I could, doing such jobs of printing as I could obtain to do, using the material of the defunct 'Herald,' which I rented for that purpose, and to eke out a subsistence, doing any other kind of work that offered, and even going to Baraboo and other points to work at my trade, when work could be procured. Sometime in the fall or winter of 1859-60, E. G. Wheeler, who had acquired a controlling interest in the stock of the company,

sold the material of the 'Herald' to a Mr. Wells, of New Lisbon, and I was thus deprived of my chief source of income. Business of all kinds, all over the country, was at a very low ebb, and the prospect of success in the newspaper business was far from flattering, even if I had possessed capital to embark in it. One day I was remarking to a friend Mr. Willard Shumway, the low condition of my finances, and despondingly inquired how I was to obtain the means of supporting my family, when he said to me 'Why don't you start a paper here?' 'Start a paper!' said I. 'What have I got to start a paper with?' 'Circulate a subscription,' said he, 'among the business men.' 'How much will you give?' said I, somewhat amused at the idea, which at the moment I did not entertain at all. 'Oh, I will give something,' said he. And so the conversation terminated. But the idea remained with me. I had canvassed almost every other scheme for obtaining an honest livelihood, and the prospect looked gloomy enough. After thinking the matter over, for a day or two, I came to the conclusion that it could do no hurt to try the experiment. I had heard of a second hand press I could buy at Richland Centre for fifty dollars, and I believed that for two hundred dollars I could get together enough second hand material to print a six column paper.

"Accordingly I drew up a subscription paper, setting forth my intentions, and promising that if the sum of two hundred dollars was raised, I would establish a paper and publish it one year, refunding the amount in advertising, job work or subscription,—no portion of the money to be paid to me until the first number appeared. Notwithstanding the liberality of this proposition, after two weeks of persistent canvassing, (during which I exhausted my powers of rhetoric and persuasion, and after demonstrating over and over again to my own satisfaction, at least, that if the amount was forth-coming, the paper would be also, and that, for one year, at least, Reedsburg would be represented among the newspaper towns of the state) I had only obtained the pledge of one hundred and sixty-five dollars, in sums of five to twenty dollars. In a fit of desperation, I went to J. F. Danforth, who was known to have some money, and proposed to him that if he would put down his name for the balance, thirty-five dollars, I would give him a mortgage on the material of the office, when procured, before demanding the money, and would repay the loan in cash, with lawful interest, which was then, I think, twelve per cent. After thinking the matter over two or three days, and after much urging, and after taking counsel as to the binding nature of the agreement, he finally signed the subscription.

“ All this looks very ridiculous at this distance of time, and in the light of the recent financial prosperity of the town and surrounding country ; but it was all dead earnest then. Like the boy engaged digging out a wood-chuck by the roadside, when asked by a traveling preacher, who came along, if he thought he would get the animal. ‘Get him?’ said the boy, ‘I’ve got to get him!—we’re out of meat, and the minister is to be at our house to-night!’—I was out of meat, and something had to be done.

“ Well, the amount of \$200 being subscribed, the question arose as to how I was to make it available to purchase material. By its terms, no part of the subscriptions was to be paid until the appearance of the first number. My whole available capital was five dollars in gold, while I was in debt to the various merchants for the means of previous subsistence. But faith in my ability to accomplish whatever I undertook was then strong with me, and nothing daunted, I set out for Richland Center, to secure the press, walking the entire distance. I left Reedsburg about eleven o’clock A. M. of a hot day in the beginning of May, and traveled through the woods, over roads entirely new to me, a considerable part of the way, to everybody else, also, as I could scarcely distinguish the track, and only went by “blazed” trees. I stayed at night at a farm-house six miles this side of the Centre, and the next morning walked in, through a drizzling rain. Saw the press and its owner, and quickly agreed upon terms—which were that I should pay \$50 for the press, and fifteen cents a pound for about a hundred pounds of nearly new minion type, which was in a ‘pied’ condition,—he making the purchase of the type a condition of selling me the press. But when the questions of pay came to be discussed, a difficulty arose that threatened to be fatal to the enterprise. He knew nobody in Reedsburg ; I was known by nobody at Richland Centre. I offered a note signed by myself and two citizens of Reedsburg, payable in two months. Finally he bethought him that he had a slight acquaintance with George Flautt, then a law student at Reedsburg, and wrote him a letter, in which he stated that if George would certify to the responsibility of my endorsers, he would sell me the press. I immediately started for home, where I arrived the same night, having walked thirty-six miles, and made the bargain that day.

“ George Flautt having signed a statement that the endorsers of my note were good, I procured a team and went for my press and my hundred pounds of minion type. After resting a few days, I started for Milwaukee and intermediate points, to hunt up the balance of the type

necessary to get out a paper. I walked to a point fourteen miles beyond Portage, forty-four miles from Reedsburg, the first day; and the next morning walked four miles further, to Cambria Station, and took the cars for Beaver Dam, where I had acquaintances. I went to the 'Citizens' office, and inquired of the proprietor if he had any second hand type for sale. He said he had not, but after a few moments' thought, said there was an old disused office lying in town, and that George Stewart was agent for the sale of it. I went to Stewart, who at first refused to sell a part unless he could sell the whole, which included a power press; but finally he acted upon my suggestion that he ask the advice of Mr. Wells of the 'Citizen.' This gentleman, upon being consulted as to what he would do with the material in question if he owned it, replied: 'Box it up and send it to the foundry for old type, as quick as I could.' This decided Mr. Stewart to sell, and he asked me what proposition I had to make. I told him I would give him fifty per cent of the type foundry price for every thing I selected, which Mr. Wells told him was an exceedingly liberal offer. Then came the question of pay, and I had a much harder time to convince Mr. Stewart of the safety of selling me two-hundred dollars worth of material than I had the Richland Center man. He was not convinced of the responsibility of my securities, and one proposition after another was rejected, until finally I proposed to reinforce the note signed by myself and the two Reedsburg men, (one of whom was John Kellogg, whose unendorsed note would now be good for thousands of dollars) with a mortgage upon the materials purchased, and upon the press which I had at home. This proposition was accepted, and I succeeded in selecting type, cases, sticks, rules, dashes, etc., to the amount of two hundred and twenty-five dollars, which I boxed up and shipped to Reedsburg, without further delay. Eight miles from from Beaver Dam, I had two brothers living, and one of them, Charles A. Chandler, who was a mechanic, accompanied me home, to assist me in getting the office running. In the course of a month, on the 16th of June, 1860, I got out my first paper upon this condemned, second-hand type, which an excellent printer, Mr. Cullaton, had pronounced utterly unfit for use, and upon the fifty dollar press, which, when I bought it, was so utterly out of joint, that the seller had no idea that it could ever be used; and so well did I use my knowledge of presses and type, that when it appeared, the paper was highly complimented by the 'State Press,' and the 'Sentinel,' in noticing it, went so far as to say 'printed from new type.' Upon the issue of the paper, I realized upon my subscription paper which I had



previously circulated, one hundred and sixty dollars, not availing myself of the arrangement with Mr. Danforth; and as the number of cash paying subscribers was very fair, I was at once able to liquidate the indebtedness, and put the paper, which I had christened the 'Free Press,' upon a paying basis.

"I fulfilled my agreement with the citizens of Reedsburg, continuing the paper until the 7th of September, 1861, when the war being then in progress, the people of this community, like those of every other throughout the nation, were greatly exercised over the heavy taxation, expected to ensue, and could give no positive assurance of support, though they professed themselves satisfied with the paper, and would do what they could to support it. But Mr. Wells, of New Lisbon, having lost his press, through inability to pay for it, made me what I regarded a good offer, to move my press up there, which I did. I run the Juneau County 'Argus' until the fall of 1862, when, the county having gone Democratic, and elected a county ticket in the interest of Mauston, thus depriving me of the county printing, I suspended publication, and in February following moved my family and printing material back to Reedsburg; but I did not engage in publishing a paper, because of the unsettled and embittered state of public feeling. In the last days of that year, 1863, I entered the military service, where I remained until June, 1866—more than a year after the close of the war. Upon arriving home I found that my press and material had been sold, to go to Mazomanie, and I therefore turned my attention to other pursuits."

The next, and, so far, the last chapter in the newspaper history of Reedsburg, may be briefly stated as follows: Mr. Chandler had for five years been engaged in farming near Reedsburg, when the completion of the Chicago and Northwestern railroad to this point, gave a new impetus to business, and created a desire among the business men to have a newspaper once more. Accordingly Mr. Chandler, not being altogether satisfied with his experience as a tiller of the soil, concluded to gratify them by re-establishing the "Free Press," and, procuring type and press, on the 22nd of March, 1872, after a sleep of nearly eleven years, resurrected that paper, commencing to number where he had left off in 1861. The success of the enterprise was marked and immediate, and it enjoyed a good and increasing patronage, and the office now boasts of three presses, and a goodly amount of other material. The mechanical labor of the office is performed by Mr. Chandler's daughters, who are good printers. Mr. Chandler says he is a believer in woman's rights, for he has a calico foreman, two dainty compositors, and the sweetest little devil you ever saw.



In the fall of 1856, Reedsburg became the scene of a gold fever excitement, which was none the less in intensity, from the fact that it was confined to a few persons. A Beaver Dam banker, by the name of Wells, found in a bush near the wayside, a short distance from his residence, a package of papers, tied with a bit of red tape. The package contained a letter, purporting to have been written by a man named Burleigh, of Cleveland, Ohio, to one Burton of Cincinnati,—and a time-worn sheet of paper, bearing a draft of a certain piece of land. The letter stated that in consideration of many services which Mr. Burton had rendered the writer, when sick, the latter had deemed it right to put his friend in possession of a secret, known only to himself, and which might guarantee a fortune to both, should the two work in unison. The secret was this: Burleigh had been one of a band of robbers, that had infested the upper Mississippi, some sixteen years before. This band, fearing detection, had divided into four parties, each party taking a fourth of the treasures. The one to which Burleigh had belonged appointed him one of a committee of four to bury their money, some \$55,000, where it would be safe until the danger was over. The committee landed at the mouth of the Bad Ax river, and proceeded into the interior, by means of horses, until they struck the Baraboo river, where they found a suitable place to bury the treasure; which they did, making an accurate drawing of the location, and marking the place, so that it would not be lost to them at any future time. The gold was confined in coffee sacks, and above these they had placed a charred stick, fastened to the sacks by a gold chain. The letter went on to say that the committee, on returning to the rendezvous of the robbers, found no one there, and they came to the conclusion that the band had been forced to separate. They then took passage to New Orleans, but, on the trip, two of the party died of yellow fever. At New Orleans, a third was taken sick. At this time, business called the other (Burleigh) to England, and he departed, leaving his companion in a dangerous state. Burleigh remained abroad some fifteen years, at the end of which time, he determined to return and obtain the buried treasure. While journeying with this intent, he was taken sick, and he was befriended by Burton, to whom he was now revealing the secret. He ended by telling Burton to meet him at such a time at Beaver Dam, from which place they would proceed to the point designated by the chart.

It was quite evident to Mr. Wells' mind that the letter had been lost by Burton, while on the way to meet his friend; and the banker's heart began to beat in eager anticipation of a great fortune waiting within

reach of his very hands. The Stevens House register confirmed his opinion that Burton had been in town, as such a person, hailing from Cincinnati, had registered there only a few days previous. Believing that he was in possession of a great secret, Mr. Wells sought legal counsel of Judge Wheeler, who, for a share of the booty, promised his assistance in obtaining the gold. Following the directions of the chart, the pair found that the spot indicated was in the village of Reedsburg, on a lot owned by a poor man named L. Gay Sperry, who lived there in a small house which he had erected. The place was worth about three hundred dollars, but on asking the price put on it by the owner, Sperry informed Mr. Wells that he had been offered three thousand dollars for it by a Cincinnati man to whom he had promised it. This confirmed the suspicion that Burton had been looking up the treasure, and had lost the description which Mr. Wells had found. The banker grew desperate, and he immediately offered Sperry a hundred dollars higher for the place. Sperry, after some demur, accepted the offer, and a trade was made, Wells giving some property at Beaver Dam, and several hundred dollars in money for the one lot and small cabin. (The cabin is still in existence, and is situated near the Lutheran church.) The Sperrys made instant preparations to move. They had suffered greatly because of the hard times, and on occasions, had been in actual want. If the *denouement* proves them guilty of a fraud in the mind of the reader, we plead extenuating circumstances in their behalf. While they were getting ready to leave the place, however, the impatient Mr. Wells was making preparations to dig for the treasure. He took into his confidence the present Hon. Sam. Burchard of Beaver Dam, and some others whose names we are unable to give; and on one starry night, at the click of twelve o'clock, our gold-hunters sallied forth, with their spades, and several bran-new coffee-sacks, to unearth the hidden treasure. They had taken the precaution to bring new sacks, thinking that the old ones would probably be in a decayed condition, and they did not want to run the risk of scattering the precious gold over the ground while on their way to their night-quarters. Leaving the sacks at the gate, they went into the yard, where they readily found the exact spot, and the digging began. A light night-wind stirred the leaves of the trees as the spades touched the earth, and it brought weakness and terror to the hearts of the gold-hunters. "I've heard," whispered one of them, "that the devil always puts a charm on buried money, so as to make it impossible for those who did not bury it to obtain it." "He is a pretty smart fellow if he beats us

out of this haul, Sam," returned Mr. Wells, his teeth chattering with terror, while he spoke. A minute later, the digger struck the charred stick of which the letter had spoken. A paper bearing date of the period when the digging occurred, says that the banker upon seeing the stick, uttered an exclamation, and fainted away. He, however, soon came to, when his fear that Mr. Burchard, who was digging, would get the first sight of the treasure, caused him to exclaim: "You come out of there, Sam, and let the Judge and me dig awhile." Burchard handed the banker the spade, and the latter continued the digging with hearty good will, and with an energy that would certainly have discouraged Satan, had he been trying to prevent the finding of gold at that spot, as the superstitious affirm he does. "Be careful," cautioned the Judge, "not to strike the bags with the spades, You might scatter the gold and break the chain." A short time sufficed to convince the two who had the spades, that no treasure was there; for they had struck a stratum of earth, nearly allied to stone. As the two paused from sheer despair, Sam is said to have leaned over the hole and asked: "Judge, shall I bring the coffee-sacks now?" The Judge's reply is not on record from the fact that it would not look well in print. So great was the rage and disappointment of the banker, that on his return to Beaver Dam, where Sperry was at that time, he managed with the aid of some friends, to get that individual shut up in a room, where a stormy interview ensued, which caused Sperry to tremble in his boots, through fear of the probable results of his deeply laid scheme. The latter was finally induced to return the greater part of the money that had been paid him, and take back his property. But he did not long continue to be a resident of Reedsburg, nor did he try further to dispose of his place, which he valued so little that he allowed it to be sold for taxes not long after his departure. So ended the Reedsburg gold-fever.\*

Both the Alba House and the Mansion House were built in 1856, the former by Alba B. Smith, and the latter by Dr. E. R. Mackey and D. C. Reed. The Mansion House site is on an Indian mound. An Indian legend says that two Indians once fought over slaying a bear, and killed each other. Their bodies were buried on this spot. It was probably a fact, as two skeletons were found upon digging for the foun-

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\* It has been supposed that some Reedsburg men besides Judge Wheeler were mixed up in the gold-digging affair; but a letter from the Judge, bearing date of June, 1875, denies this statement, and also denies that the Judge had anything to do with the matter, except as legal counsel. The foregoing version of the story, the writer has taken in part from a Beaver Dam paper, published in January, 1857, and the remainder from the testimony of a gentleman who heard the incident from the banker himself, and who verifies the statements as here given.—ED.

dation of the hotel. The hotels were considered large and commodious at the time when they were built, but are not sufficiently so for the present period. The Alba House building has not been used as a hotel for several years. It was at one time kept by N. V. Chandler, now of the "Free Press." The Mansion House was well-known for a long while under the management of W. H. Finch, now of Kilbourn City, who sold it in the spring of 1875, to Oscar E. Briggs, the present proprietor. This gentleman is the son of N. H. Briggs, who with his family settled at Narrows' Prairie in 1854. He is assisted in the business by his parents, and his brother William. The building has been re-furnished, and rendered as pleasant as possible for guests. The proprietor is an amiable person, and very attentive to business. He designs enlarging the house by an additional building, to be built and furnished in the most modern and approved styles. A good livery is attached.

The Presbyterian Society was organized in 1857, with seven members, and Rev. Wm. Lusk as pastor. A church edifice costing \$5,200 was completed by this society in 1872. Rev. D. S. White has the flock in charge at the present time.

The first bank at Reedsburg was opened in 1859, by parties from Portage, and was a branch of the Portage bank. G. Ege was president and H. M. Haskell cashier. This bank had an existence of some two years. It failed soon after the commencement of the war, being able to liquidate only some twenty per cent of its indebtedness.

The Mackey Mills had the misfortune of being burned in the winter of 1861, and several thousand bushels of wheat were also lost in the conflagration. But the proprietors, with the perseverance which characterizes them, immediately began the erection of new mills at the points where the others had been. The grist mill is forty by sixty feet on the ground, three and a half stories high, and has four run of buhrs, two of which were put in when built, and the other two somewhat later, giving it a capacity for grinding from eight hundred to a thousand bushels per day, or five hundred barrels of merchant work in a week, besides the regular custom. The water power is capable of driving more than twice the amount of machinery that it now runs. The dam has been recently rebuilt, making one of the best water-powers on the Baraboo river, affording in all from one hundred and sixty to two hundred horse-powers.

Reedsburg has really a noble war record. The facts which are presented here are gleaned from Rev. S. A. Dwinnell's "Records of Reedsburg in the War," from which we ascertain that the town furnished one



hundred and forty persons, one hundred and eleven of whom enlisted the first year, when no bounty was given except that offered by the United States; and four-fifths of those who enlisted later were too young for service when the first call was made. The first company raised here was the Pioneer Rifles, in September, 1861, by Giles Stevens, a lawyer of this village. Forty persons from this town enlisted in it, and the remainder of the company was filled out by neighboring towns. Giles Stevens was chosen Captain; B. F. Blackman, First Lieutenant, and J. W. Lusk, Second Lieutenant. The latter was promoted afterwards to First Lieutenant, and Sergeant Coughman to Second Lieutenant. The company formed a part of the Twelfth Wisconsin Infantry; and was in the siege of Vicksburg, the battles of Jackson and Atlanta, and was with Sherman in his "grand march to the sea," besides being in several skirmishes. At Atlanta, Captain Stevens was wounded. The following persons of the Pioneer Rifles belonging to Reedsburg, were killed: Sergeant F. W. Henry and Charles Reifenrath. Sergeant S. S. Miles died of wounds, and J. W. Dickens and Chas. T. Pollock died of disease.

A second company was recruited by R. M. Strong, in December, 1861, under the name of the Independent Rangers. Fifty-eight of its members belonged to this town. R. M. Strong became its Captain; Henry A. Tator, First Lieutenant, and Alex. P. Ellinwood, Second Lieutenant. It was allotted to the Nineteenth Regiment as Company A. This regiment performed considerable garrison duty, perhaps more than any other of the state troops. It suffered terribly at Yorktown from sickness, induced by miasmatic atmosphere. Company A was at the battles of Drury Bluff and Fair Oaks. At the latter, R. M. Strong, then Lieutenant Colonel, was wounded so that one of his legs had to be amputated. It was done at Libby Prison. The Nineteenth was the first to enter Richmond, April 3d, 1865, and its flag the first to float over the rebel capitol. The promoted of Company A were: Captain Strong to Lieutenant Colonel; Lieutenant Tator to Captain; Lieutenant Ellinwood to Captain; and Sergeant C. A. Chandler to Second Lieutenant.

The following of Company A were killed in action: Dexter Green and B. S. Pitts. Those who died of wounds were: Corporal Alvah Rathbun, Charles Day, Ephiram Homes and William Miller. Sergeant A. P. Steese, D. C. Cole, Hugh Collins, John Cary, W. D. Hobby, William Horsch, James Markee and N. W. Pitts died of disease.

Some of the Reedsburg soldiers enlisted in other regiments than those named. We notice that the following of such lost their lives: G. C. Miles of the Sixth Wisconsin; George W. Root of the Seventh Wis-



consin; Amariah Robotham of the Eleventh Wisconsin; Erastus Miller, J. W. Shaw and John Waltz of the Twenty-third Wisconsin; and John McIlvaine of the Forty-ninth Wisconsin. The First Wisconsin Cavalry had E. B. Knowles among its dead. The Reedsburg dead of the Third Cavalry are, Henry Barlow and George W. Priest. John Collins, another of the Reedsburg dead, belonged to the First Missouri Battery.

Of the Reedsburg soldiers, who returned to their homes at the close of the war, the following are residing at present in or near this village: Twelfth Wisconsin Regiment—Captain Giles Stevens, Charles W. Bulow, Philo Lane, Lieutenant J. W. Lusk, Morris B. Seeley, Edward Bulow, James Miles; Nineteenth Wisconsin Regiment—Lieutenant Alexander P. Ellinwood, Sergeant J. W. Fosnot, O. H. Dwinell, J. C. Fosnot, W. W. Holton, Sergeant E. A. Dwinell, James Castle, Peter Empser, T. J. Holton, E. L. Leonard, Frank Winchester, Chas. F. Sheldon; Thirty-fifth Regiment—A. F. Leonard; Forty-first Regiment—Zalman Carver; Forty-ninth Regiment—Oscar E. Briggs; Fourth Battery—O. E. Root; First Battery, Wisconsin Light Artillery—Lieutenant William Miles, George H. Flautt; Twelfth Illinois Regiment—H. C. Hunt; Fifty-first Ohio Regiment—Dr. Selden, surgeon.

Shortly after the election of President Lincoln, and while disposition of offices in his gift was pending, the people living within the radius of delivery of the Reedsburg post-office, and who had voted for the successful candidate, determined to hold an election to indicate their choice of a man to receive the appointment of post-master. Accordingly, an election was called and the people assembled on the appointed day. Instead of the usual inspectors of election, a chairman and secretary were appointed, whose duty it was to see that everything was done in order. The person appointed as chairman was an illiterate but well-meaning old gentleman, known as Elder G——, who conducted the meeting to the best of his knowledge. There was in the county, at that time, an original abolitionist, whose name was Elias Taylor, and he was one of two or three in the town who had, at a previous election, voted for Gerrett Smith, the abolitionist candidate. This person stepped up to the polls and offered his vote, whereupon Harvey Haskell, the bank cashier, and an influential Republican, said: "I should like to know whether Lincoln men or Gerrett Smith men are voting at this election." "Do you put that as a motion, Mr. Haskell?" asked the chairman. Harvey, who saw a chance for a bit of humor in the proceedings, answered in the affirmative. The chairman called for a second, which, notwithstanding the absurdity of the whole thing, was duly given.

Slowly elevating his ponderous form above the crowd, Elder G——, in stentorian tones, put the following luminous question: "Moved and seconded as whether Linkling men or Garet Smith men are voting at this yere 'lection. All in favor of the motion signify it by saying aye." The voters, catching the humor of the proceeding, shouted "Aye!" "All opposed say no!" and the silence remained unbroken, except by the suppressed laughter of the crowd. "Carried!" announced the chairman, and turning to the would-be voter, he said: "Mr. Taylor, they say you can't vote at this election."

February 1st, 1868, Joseph Mackey, D. B. Rudd, E. O. Rudd, and Hon. J. W. Lusk engaged in banking, under the firm name of Mackey, Rudd & Co., J. W. Lusk acting as cashier. The Rudd brothers withdrew at the end of the year, and two years later Mr. Lusk also withdrew, since which time Mr. Mackey has continued the business alone, under the name of the Reedsburg Bank. This bank has gradually increased in business, keeping pace with the prosperity and growth of the adjacent country. As evidence of its financial soundness, and its prudent and careful management, we will mention the fact that its credit, during the severe financial panic of 1873, which closed nearly all of the national banks, was unimpaired, it keeping open doors and meeting all out-standing claims as fast as presented. The Reedsburg bank is in the basement of Mr. Mackey's fine residence on Main street.

The great need of a railroad had long been felt. The richness of the Baraboo valley was building up villages elsewhere, because there were no good means of transportation at home. Strong encouragements had been given from Milwaukee, which only ended in disappointments when the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad chose a route further north. At an early day, Col. S. V. R. Ableman settled at the "Narrows," thinking that it was a point near which a road must some day pass. He was more than disappointed at the decision of the Milwaukee and St. Paul road, and thenceforth looked to Chicago as a point from which the road must eventually emanate. In this belief he never lost faith. His ready pen often called the attention of capitalists to this route. Stirring appeals were made during the fall of 1869 and the winter of 1869-70 to the people of the Baraboo Valley, through the Baraboo "Republic," which resulted in a meeting favorable to the project in December, 1869, at the court-house. So earnest were the people, that in spite of the inclement weather then prevailing, the court-room was filled to overflowing. Col. Ableman was elected chairman of the meeting, without a dissenting voice, and on taking the chair he made an able speech, show-

ing the necessity and feasibility of having a railroad through the valley, claiming that if the people put themselves in a proper position, they might lasso the first locomotive that turned westward from Chicago. The people were so well convinced, that Colonel Ableman, T. Thomas, Colonel Strong, T. D. Lang and Joseph Mackey were appointed a committee to see to the drafting and obtaining of a charter. The Colonel was made chairman of the committee; and soon after this he called a meeting of said committee at his own residence, since known as the Charter House, where the charter was drafted for the Baraboo Air Line Railroad. This was sanctioned by legislature March 8th, 1870. The charter officers of the road were S. V. R. Ableman, Jonas Naracong, John B. Dwinnell, C. D. Huff, John F. Smith, Joseph F. Sanford, Joseph Mackey, Moses Young, Charles H. Williams, Terrell Thomas, T. D. Lang, R. M. Strong and B. F. Mills. The Baraboo Air Line Railroad was finally consolidated with the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, and passed into the control of that company, who made it a part of the Madison Division of their great line. They have erected a good depot and other railroad buildings at this point. E. F. Seaver is the agent in charge. The other men employed here by the company are R. E. Kahl, telegraph operator; H. P. Person, warehouse man and engineer of steam pump; John C. Lightman, section foreman, and H. Auedbier, Henry Krug, Fritz Shroeder, Warren Morehouse and Warren McDougal, trackmen.

The Madison Division of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, which passes through Reedsburg, is noted for the grandeur of the scenery that greets the vision of the travelers. A few miles to the southeast of the village are the "Narrows," the residence of Col. Ableman, for a counterpart of which one must look among the Rocky Mountains. The railroad winds along the river bottom, with the beautiful Baraboo River, which it crosses and re-crosses, making a graceful curve between the parts of what appears to have been a line of high bluffs, or miniature mountains, parted in the center by some great convulsion of nature, the inner sides rising almost perpendicularly in ragged, rocky walls, to the height of two hundred feet or more. The rock is mostly quartz, of all colors intermingled, the waxen-white chalcedony and rose quartz being abundant. There are minute caves to be seen, and on the ledges, where a deposit of earth has been made, are trees and bushes of various kinds, lending additional beauty to the landscape. Looking down the precipices from the bluff-tops, the grandeur increases. Far below ripples the river, into which Narrows Creek empties, giving the water a

broad and deeper volume. The rocks grow larger and more varied on a nearer view; the railroad track becomes only a thread, and the train of cars seems to be a mere toy.

The German Lutherans purchased an entire block near the park, and erected a church in 1871. The church is large, and the steeple is eighty feet high, having a bell weighing fifteen hundred pounds. Rev. August Rorhlaek has had the supervision of the parish since its foundation in 1869.

#### THE WEST SIDE.

A portion of what is now known as the West side, was a quarter-section formerly entered by Alfred Mott, of New York. The land was a wilderness of matted burr-oak timber, and the part of it which bordered the Baraboo river was annually overflowed, thus forming a habitation for numberless frogs. Alfred Mott also entered a quarter section of land on the east side, a part of which was afterward laid out into lots, and called Mott's First Addition to the village of Reedsburg. Subsequently the land on the west side became known as Mott's Second Addition to Reedsburg, but it was considered to be of little or no value. A. P. Ellinwood bought two acres of the west side addition in 1871, and the people immediately dubbed the place "Ellinwood's frog-pond." But Mr. Ellinwood set to work at grubbing and draining it, and soon had a very presentable piece of land. About this time an unfortunate family was thrown upon the town for support, and to Mr. Ellinwood, as chairman of the board, fell the task of finding a home for its members. But though several houses were wanting tenants, no person was willing to let his property be the home of the family just mentioned; and half in indignation and half in mercy, Mr. Ellinwood erected a house on his land for their accommodation. This, which was known as the "town house," was the first building on the west side. Mr. Ellinwood has added to his possessions until he now owns some two hundred acres of land and water (especially water). He built a fine residence in 1872, and the next year made preparations to have a driving-park on the same land. People began to look on him as really demented, and expressed their opinion that he ought to have a guardian appointed. When they saw him going that way with a pick or an ax, they would ask if he was going to cripple a mullen. But he cut out the thicket, drained and graded the land, and in due time the driving-park was completed. Then it had a fence eight feet high put on the two sides not bordered by the river, and Reedsburg was in possession of a fair ground, where, in 1874, was held one of the most successful fairs ever known in this part of the



country; whereof Mr. Ellinwood was president, several vice-presidents, secretary, treasurer and all the rest of the officers. Over five thousand people attended the fair. In 1875, Mr. Ellinwood resolved to celebrate the fourth of July in the same manner. He engaged three noted speakers and made the other arrangements without any aid whatever; and like all his undertakings, the celebration proved a grand success. Mr. Ellinwood has laid the west side out into village lots, and is selling to all good people that want to buy whether they have money or not. He intends to have a village on that side of the river, he says; and judging from his success in other undertakings, we think he will surely make one there in time. Several fine residences already dot the former brush-heap and frog-pond.

J. P. Stafford built a stave manufactory on the west side in 1874; and shortly after it was gotten into running order, W. I. Carver became a partner. This mill employs eleven hands. Last year, it cut out 800,000 staves, and this year, has on hand a job of 1,000,000. Mr. Safford also has a stave factory at La Valle. A. D. Bellinger, son of G. Bellinger, is foreman of the stave factory.

#### REEDSBURG AND HOPS.

Reedsburg is the great Center of the hop interest of Wisconsin, and in fact of the entire West. In the year 1852, Mr. Jesse Cottington, living three miles north of Reedsburg, had sent to him from near Waterville, Oneida county, New York, one-half acre of hop roots. Mr. Cottington, who is a native of England, was raised among the famous Kent hop gardens near London, emigrated to this country, and located near Waterville, New York, cultivating for seven years, the hop farm of Mr. Palmer, now known as the propagator of the new variety, called the Palmer seedling. When Mr. Cottington came West, he came as an experienced and successful hop grower; but it must not be forgotten that this occurred long before the age of railroads in Wisconsin. Mr. Cottington had his half acre of roots shipped to him by way of Milwaukee, and with his own team (there being then no other means of communication) drove the one hundred and twenty miles, and got the roots, set them out in spring of 1852, and picked his first crop in 1853. Mr. Cottington experienced great difficulty in marketing his hops; although, he says the soil on his farm, near Reedsburg, is better adapted to the growth of hops, and that he has grown a choicer quality than he ever grew either in England or New York state. Yet, the quality and worth of a hop is so difficult to judge of by a brewer, that he is very unwilling to change from a dealer who has been furnishing him with a



hop that has answered his purpose, to a new dealer, who has an untried hop to offer. Mr. Cottington found a market for his hops only by giving a guarantee to a brewer at Madison, and one at Portage, that his hops were all right—equal in quality in all respects, to a New York hop; and that he would pay any damage arising from using them. For first fifteen years of growing, he made contracts at a fixed price at twenty cents per pound—contracts good for five years.

These are some of the difficulties with which the early hop growers, in and around Reedsburg, had to contend. It was, however, quickly perceived by the neighbors of Mr. Cottington, that he was getting along better than they, and the reason was easily seen to be due to the cultivation of hops. It was in this way that his neighbors commenced planting yards, until, from this one-half acre as a center, the cultivation of the hop spread till the great crop of 1867 netted the growers, properly, belonging to Reedsburg as a center, not far from two millions of dollars. Owing to the destruction of the crop in the state of New York, by the hop louse (*Aphides*), in years 1865, 1866 and 1867, the cultivation of the hop in and around Reedsburg became a perfect mania. All other branches of agriculture were entirely neglected, owing to the very high price of hops, caused by failure of crop in New York state for a series of years. It was no uncommon thing in 1866 or 1867, for a person, without capital, to purchase a farm for three or four thousand dollars, having four or five acres of hops on it, and from one year's crop, pay up for the farm, and have a thousand dollars surplus. The result of this state of affairs, was that during years 1865, 1866 and 1867, the expenses of living in Reedsburg were greater than in Milwaukee or Chicago. Common garden vegetables, butter and provisions generally, having to be carted into the place against the natural laws of trade. The result of the unnatural state of affairs was a grand financial crash, which in 1868, made bankrupt or severely crippled every merchant in Reedsburg, with the single exception of Samuel Ramsey, druggist, and J. V. Kelsey, merchant. The crash also affected so severely the hop growers around Reedsburg, that fully one-half lost their farms, either by foreclosure of mortgages, or by being so involved that they had to sell in order to pay up indebtedness. The financial crash was brought about by want of due caution and foresight upon the part of hop growers and merchants. Owing to destruction of hop crop in New York state by the louse (*Aphides*), in years 1865, 1866 and 1867, prices of hops ranged, during those three years, at Reedsburg, from forty-five to sixty cents per pound, attaining latter

figure in 1867. These almost fabulous prices for three consecutive years, deprived the growers, and also merchants, with some rare exceptions, of their mother wit, and they vainly imagined these prices to be natural, caused by law of supply and demand, and therefore likely to be permanent; hence they adopted the tactics of the gambler—we speak of the growers, and invested proceeds of each crop in growing a larger one the following year, and thus they proceeded for three years, and with success, due to the anomalous condition of crop in the East, till in 1867, prices reached the almost fabulous figure of sixty cents per pound. Many farmers in and around Reedsburg, that year, realized net profits of \$3,000 to \$4,000 from their crop, and it was a common occurrence to see a farmer come into a store and throw down a thousand dollar bill asking for change with about the same *non chalance*, as in ordinary times, is done with a ten dollar bill. Five hundred dollar bills were as plenty as grasshoppers are now further west in Missouri and Kansas, and a hop grower was poor indeed, if he could not, at a moment's notice, produce three or four or five hundred dollars. Any man's credit was undoubted at the different stores, if the merchant could be satisfied he was the owner of two or three acres of hops. Thus it was when, in 1867, two million dollars, all in greenbacks, were scattered in and around Reedsburg.

Everything was very lovely, and the anticipations of the people run very high. Nice houses were planned, fine carriages bought, and a hundred magnificent "castles in the air" arose in the imaginations of the people. It appeared the almost universal desire of the growers to have one more crop, make their fortunes and retire. To do this, the greater portions of the gains of the two or three previous years were invested in extending acreage, and preparing for the crop of 1868. Fifty cents was the coveted price, and any one that even intimated that lower prices might prevail, was not tolerated for a moment. Some of the hop dealers of Reedsburg visited New York and other Eastern cities, in July, 1868, and after a careful review of the situation, on their return, advised caution on the part of merchants and growers, but so completely had "the wish become father to the thought," that the insane belief in permanent high prices had so bewitched the minds of the people, that they would listen to no advice or word of caution, but at once raised a clamor that said hop dealers were in league with outside purchasers and brewers, to keep them out of the market for purpose of forcing prices down, and themselves receiving a commission. This notion had so taken possession of the minds of the people, that at Lo-

gansville, seven miles south of Reedsburg, indignation meetings were held, and it was currently reported in Reedsburg, that said dealers who had given an opinion that hops might that year go as low as twenty cents per pound, if they put in appearance at Logansville, would get the kindly attentions of a mob.

It is now known Wisconsin grew about 100,000 bales of hops in 1868, and for which she realized on an average not to exceed four and one half to five cents per pound. It is safe to say that Sauk County Wisconsin, lost on that crop between two and three millions of dollars; many estimate it in all its ramifications at a much higher figure. Reedsburg and surrounding country tributary to it, from having previous years occupied the very topmost pinnacle of success and prosperity, was at once precipitated into the midnight darkness of financial distress and bankruptcy. From this point dates the permanent prosperity of Reedsburg as a village. Gold is refined in the fire; success can be won in adversity; wise men profit by experience, and men of pluck will not be discouraged by the mishaps of business, when they plainly see such mishaps were brought about by their want of management and foresight, and just here is the explanation of the fact that Reedsburg has a reputation for dash, and go-ahead, and thrift, and amount of business done according to population, not equalled by any town on line of Chicago and Northwestern railroad between St. Paul and Chicago. The financial crash of 1868 separated the people into two classes. The first determined to hunt for their money where they lost it; the second, discouraged, left to seek their fortunes elsewhere. It was the separation of the pure gold from the dross. The people around Reedsburg continued to grow hops and are now out of debt, and many have grown rich at it. Previous to the Chicago and Northwestern railroad extending their Madison Branch by the way of the Baraboo River through Reedsburg, shipments of hops grown around that hop center, were sent to market from Kilbourn City, a station on the Chicago and Milwaukee railroad, giving it an importance as a shipping point for hops, which it never would have attained, had Reedsburg as early as 1865 had its present railroad facilities. Reedsburg, owing to the number of her hop dealers, their dash and enterprise, their self-reliance, gained by turning the financial kicks and cuffs of 1868-9 to good account, added to their large capital for a western village, laid aside by their thrift, have enabled them to go direct to brewers, and a large and profitable trade has sprung up with brewers in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Minnesota, Michigan and Wisconsin, beside a large trade with dealers in all the principal cities in

the United States, including New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Paul, and very heavy trade with dealers in Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Milwaukee. At least fifty to seventy-five bales have been exported direct to London, of crop of 1874, by Messrs. Samuel Lievesly and W. I. Carver.

The history of hop culture in and about Reedsburg would not be complete, for this interest over-tops all others, without mentioning a new feature that has been developing for the past few years, and is likely to assume great importance in the future. The variety of hop grown around Reedsburg is the English Cluster, the same as is grown in Waterville, Oneida County, N. Y., because, as has previously been stated, cuttings were brought from that locality. This variety does not ripen and is not ready to pick until about September 1st, or at the very earliest, the last two or three days of August. To propagate a new variety of hop, is a most difficult matter, on the account of the necessity of combining so many different qualities. A new variety has accidentally presented itself at Reedsburg, named by Samuel Ramsey, a hop dealer, the Humphrey Seedling, in honor of Mrs. Humphry, who brought it to Reedsburg. Mrs. Humphrey came to her present farm some twenty-six years ago, and planted the seed in Walworth County, Wisconsin, from which this new variety sprung. On coming to Reedsburg, she brought a root with her, and planted it by her door, and used the hops for domestic purposes for fifteen years, not knowing the difference from common kind, excepting the fact of its being from ten days to two weeks earlier. This new variety combines in itself, all the elements of a very choice hop, besides being as ready to pick 20th of August, as common kind is 1st of September. The vine is hardy, a vigorous grower, arming out from top to bottom, has not been as subject to depredations of insects as common variety. The hop itself is small, of very fine and silky texture, in compact clusters, slightly Bavarian in flavor, aroma existing somewhat in other parts of hop than in lupuline, similar to Bavarian—strength exceedingly good and flavor very fine. The crop of 1875, of this variety will probably reach one hundred and fifty bales, and in 1876, will amount to fully five hundred bales, all of which will find a market in Reedsburg from 20th to 25th of August. This variety sold at fifty-eight cents per pound in 1872; in 1873 at fifty cents per pound, and in 1874, the crop amounted to sixty to seventy-five bales, which chiefly sold at forty cents. They are much sought after, and give satisfaction above common kind to dealer and brewer.

The following is amount of purchases on own account and on com-



mission by the different hop dealers in Reedsburg for crop 1874, commencing with Humphrey Seedlings, about 20th August, 1874, up to 1st June, 1875, as kindly furnished by the several dealers :

	BALES.	AMOUNT PAID,
Samuel Ramsey, - - - - -	1,327	\$86,685.88
Young & Mackey, - - - - -	1,074	75,000.00
Kellogg & Harris, - - - - -	1,068	74,026.61
J. D. Mackey & Co., - - - - -	1,014	67,589.01
J. W. Gale, - - - - -	950	70,000.00
W. I. Carver, - - - - -	160	7,820.55
Shipped direct to London, - - - - -	50	3,250.00
All others, - - - - -	500	30,000.00
Total, - - - - -	6,248	\$414,372.05

Of the above, Messrs. Kellogg & Harris, J. D. Mackey & Co., and W. I. Carver, bought all their purchases on own account; and J. W. Gale bought seven hundred and fifty bales on commission, and two hundred on own account; Mackey & Young bought one hundred and forty-five bales on commission and nine hundred and twenty-nine on own account, and Samuel Ramsey bought six hundred bales on commission, and seven hundred and twenty-seven bales on own account.

Besides the business men and old settlers that have already been mentioned in connection with the history of Reedsburg, there have been several others whom lack of space and insufficient knowledge prevent our mentioning. Of the parties doing business here, at the present time, we shall make a special notice of a few of the more prominent ones. We have already spoken of several of the older firms, and no repetition is necessary. Their standing may be readily inferred by what has already been said.

Henry Geffert is a partner of three large business houses. Hagenahs & Geffert are extensive dealers in hardware. The firm has been in existence four years. The Hagenah brothers, J. H. and P., have been residents of Reedsburg for some eight years. Henry Geffert bought an interest in the establishment a year since, from S. F. Smith, a former owner. Henry Geffert owns, independent of the two other establishments in which he is interested, a large store well stocked with general merchandise, which has been established seven years. The other firm, of which we have spoken, is that of Kreutzman & Geffert, furniture manufacturers, established about a year since. All three are number one business houses. Henry Kreutzman has been in the village some seven years.



J. W. Lusk, attorney at law, and present Judge of Probate, has been in Reedsburg since 1857. He was for several years a partner with Joseph Mackey. J. W. Lusk is a son of Rev. William Lusk, whom we have already mentioned in connection with the Presbyterian church. The latter has retired from his labors, but still resides in the village.

Hansen, Gale & Co., a firm that deals largely in hardware, farming tools and hops, was established three years ago last November. It is represented by J. W. Gale, the only partner who resides in the village.

Dr. N. W. Sallade has a large drug store on Main street, established in 1868. He is a practicing physician who settled at Narrows Prairie in 1856. In 1864, he moved to the village and opened in the mercantile business, which he continued four years.

George Selden is a physician and surgeon, whose residence here bears a later date. He is a native of Scotland. He was army surgeon of the Fifty-first Ohio Regiment during the war of the rebellion. His office is on Main street.

S. J. Dearholt is engaged in a general merchandise business on Main street, which he established four years since. His father, John Dearholt, and family, settled in the county in 1855.

P. Bishop has a boot and shoe store, near S. J. Dearholt's. It was established some eight years ago.

T. M. Beeson, jeweler, settled in Reedsburg in 1873. His store is also on Main street.

Barker & Schroeder, (E. F. Barker and Fred. Schroeder) furniture manufacturers and dealers in upholstery, started into business on Main street in 1872.

William Stolte has a large mercantile establishment in the lower story of the former Alba House. He started the business in 1864. D. Schweke, who died in 1868, was a partner with Mr. Stolte. A. Pobst late of Baraboo, is now connected with Mr. Stolte. The firm name is Stolte & Co. They carry a full line of clothing.

John R. Flint opened a drug store on Main street in 1874, which he still carries on.

E. W. Gilmore, dentist, located here in 1872. His rooms are above Kellogg's store.

H. J. Smith has an extensive lumber yard near the depot, which he has been operating three years. He has been a resident of the village since 1857.

There are two photographers in the village. D. R. Kellogg, who came to Reedsburg in 1857, and consequently is the first resident pho-

tographer ever located here; and A. Boehm, who settled here last October.

Dierks & Hackett, carpenters and builders, are about putting up a sash, door and blind factory in Reedsburg. Mrs. M. J. Hackett carries on the millinery and dress making business.

J. M. Parker and James Lake are contractors and builders as well as old settlers. The former has been here fourteen years, and the latter about twenty years.

Thomas Gilluly, physician and surgeon, has been a resident of the village seven years.

J. B. Clark and family, who own a good farm and a fine residence on the west side, settled in Reedsburg in 1858. Mrs. Clark is a daughter of Daniel Carver, now deceased.

Barnard Daly is a blacksmith, who located here in 1857.

Henry Beusheusen, blacksmith and wagon manufacturer, Main street, has had seven years residence here. William Barstow, another blacksmith and wagon maker, whose shop is on Vine street, came eight years since.

Hunt & Nay are the meat market men. Mr. Hunt is one of the old settlers. Oscar T. Nay is a new partner in the business.

D. D. Russell came to Reedsburg in 1866, and opened in the boot and shoe business, which he still continues.

G. W. Chipman, painter, has been located here four years.

W. A. Pixley, jeweler, opened in that business here in 1860. He was the first jeweler in town.

The drayman, John Pettyes, has been here since 1858.

Not far from the village, Charles Reed, son of D. C. Reed, has settled himself and begun the raising of trout. Next year he intends to erect a dining hall on his grounds, which cannot fail to make them a favorite place of resort.

For other business firms, we refer the reader to the index.

We commenced the history of Reedsburg with a war in which nobody was hurt, and we may as well end it with another. In 1873, when the government ordered the removal of the Winnebago Indians, the sympathies of the people were with Ar-ti-cho-ker and family, the former, a chief who has seen the village grow up from the first hut. He wished to stay here, and the people resolved to let him do so. He was taken from the United States officers by a writ of *habeas corpus*, enforced by a warlike spirit, and overwhelming numbers. A gap was made in the line of soldiers, and sixteen of the Indians escaped thereby, though the writ

called for only nine. Ar-ti-cho-ker may be seen almost any day promenading the streets of Reedsburg. He is neither handsome nor very intelligent, but we suppose he must be good, or the people would not have exhibited such an affection for him. He owns some land near the village.

#### REEDSBURG IN 1873.

Reedsburg at present is a thrifty village of some fifteen hundred inhabitants. It is pleasantly situated in a valley, and surrounded by the best of farming lands. It is the liveliest place of its size to be found in a radius of a hundred miles. The push, enterprise and business tact of its citizens are proverbial themes all through this portion of the state. It is just the place for enterprising men in search of new locations, as it is the centre of the great hop-district, and is abundantly supplied with hard-wood timber, iron, etc. A fine water privilege is waiting the enterprise of some new-comer to put it to use. It is a desirable place for manufactories requiring wood and iron, more especially those of agricultural machinery, as pig-iron suitable for hollow ware, stoves and castings is to be had in large quantities in the immediate vicinity, as also is hard-wood timber. It is a good point for a starch factory, as the country adjacent is very productive, especially the southwest and north portions of the town. It is claimed, and we think, too, without a shadow of doubt, that a larger amount of agricultural produce is shipped from this village than from any other place of the size between Madison and the Mississippi River. The shipment of potatoes alone, last season was 100,000 bushels. There are few, if any, better points for a woolen manufactory, and there is a disposition on the part of the people to have and encourage such an institution.

The town has many different varieties of soil, and almost every quarter section has running water on it. It is watered by the Baraboo river, Hay Creek, Babb's Creek and Copper Creek. The land, including nearly all of the bluff land, is all available for agricultural purposes. Springs abound,—in fact, the streams are generally supplied by living springs, and the water is clear and cold. Some of the springs furnish water strongly impregnated with iron and sulphur; and there is no doubt that time will develop a famous watering place at this point when the enterprise of the citizens shall have taken the matter in hand. Nature has done much for this beautiful valley, and the march of civilization has placed the proper class of people here to make the best of them. The future of Reedsburg is assured as a most prosperous and happy one.

## Reedsburg Business Index of 1875.

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### COUNTY OFFICERS RESIDING AT REEDSBURG.

J. W. LUSK, Judge of Probate. A. WEST, Coroner.  
A. P. ELLINWOOD, Chairman Board of Supervisors.

### VILLAGE OFFICERS.

D. A. BARNHART, President.	R. A. WHEELER, Police Justice.
PETER DANGLE,	W. A. WYSE, Justice of the Peace.
WM. HAWLEY,	JAMES MILES, Constable.
THOS. INGALLS,	W. I. CARVER, Supervisor.
WM. BROCKEL,	A. L. HARRIS, Post Master.
ED. LEONARD,	C. F. SHELDON, Deputy P. M.
WM. STOLTE,	

### BANKS.

Bank of Reedsburg, J. Mackey, President, Geo. T. Morse, Cashier.

### ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

J. W. Lusk. W. A. Wyse. Giles Stevens.

### PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

N. W. Sallade. George Selden. Thomas Gilluly.

### DENTIST.

E. W. Gilmore.

### HOTELS.

Mansion House, O. E. Briggs, Proprietor. American House.

### GENERAL BUSINESS.

Barstow, Wm., Blacksmith, Vine street.  
Barnard, Daly, Blacksmith.  
Barker & Schroeder, Furniture Factory, Main street.  
Rishop, P., Boot and Shoe Store, Main street.  
Beeson, J. M., Jeweler, Main street.  
Bell, W. E. Clerk with Kelsey.  
Bellinger, G., Superintendent Grist and Saw Mill.  
Beusenhausen, Henry, Wagon Manufacturer and Blacksmith, Main st.  
Boehm, A., Photographer and Taxidermist, Main street.  
Carver, W. N., Confectioner, Main street.  
Chipman, G. W., Painter.  
Chase & Mittlesteadt, Plow Manufacturers and Blacksmiths.  
Dearholt, S. J., General Merchandise, Main street.  
Darrenougue, August, Jeweler and Barber, Main street.  
Emser, Peter, Blacksmith.

Finch, M., Harness Manufacturer, Main street.

Flint, John R., Druggist, Main street.

Geffert, Henry, General Merchandise, Main street.

Hansen, Gale & Co., Dealers in Hardware, Farming Tools and Hops,  
Main street.

Hunt & Chase, General Merchandise, Main street.

Hosler, J. H., Book-keeper with Kellogg & Harris.

Hudson, S. J., Clerk with Dearholt.

Hagenahs & Geffert, Hardware Dealers, Main street.

Hunt & Nay, Meat Market, Main street.

Hackett, Mrs. M. J., Dressmaker and Milliner, Main street.

Horken, Wm., Grocer, Main street.

KELLOGG & HARRIS, Main street, wholesale and retail dealers  
in General Merchandise and all kinds of Produce, including Hops.

Kellogg, J., Express Agent.

Kelsey, J. V., General Merchandise, Main street.

Kelsey, Mrs. J. V., Millinery store, Main street.

Kreutzman & Geffert, Furniture Manufacturers, Main street.

Leonard, A. F., Grocer, Main street.

Leonard, Mrs. A. F., Millinery store, Main street.

Langley, W. E. F., Bakery and Confectionery, Main street.

Layman & Hunt, Millinery and Fancy Goods, Main street.

Lake, James, Contractor and Builder.

MACKEY, S. & CO., Merchant Flouring Mill.

McDonald, Enos, & Co., Grocer and Liquor Dealer, Vine street.

Markee, A. E., Clerk with Kellogg & Harris

Perry & Lincoln, General Merchandise, Main street.

Pixley, W. A., Jeweler, Main street.

Parker, J. M., Contractor and Builder.

Pettyes, John, Drayman.

RAMSEY, DR. SAM., Druggist, General Broker, and dealer in  
Hops, Main street.

Rertzman, Fred., Tailor, Main street.

Russell, D. D., Boot and Shoe Maker, Main street.

Stafford, J. P. & Co., Stave Factory, West Side.

Seeley, Austin, Gunsmith, and Agent for Remington Sewing Ma-  
chines, Main street.

Seeley, M. E., dealer in Pictures, Stereoscopes, etc., also Agent for  
Brown's Patent Weather Strips, Main street.

Sallade, Dr. N. W., Druggist, Main street.

Stolte & Co., General Merchandise, Clothing, etc., Main street.

Sanders, A. M., Carriage Factory, Market street.

Tierney, Patrick, Wagon Maker, Main street.

Timlin, Stephen, Grocer, Main street.

Winchester, William, Painter.

YOUNG & MACKEY, Hop Dealers, at Hunt & Chase's.



## Thank God for Death.

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A rumor through the village spread,  
And tattle held awhile, its peace ;  
For in the presence of the dead,  
'Tis fit our daily work should cease ;  
And though, while living, it is meet  
To never pardon sinners—yet,  
'Tis well, that with the winding sheet,  
We try our hatreds to forget.

And she was dead ; a branded name,  
From earthly rolls, had been erased.  
What matters now the bitter shame,  
Which, with her life, was interlaced ?  
The taunt, the jibe, the scornful sneer,  
O'er what she left undone, or did ?  
These tools with which men torture here,  
Are laid down with the coffin lid !

A sweeter flower there never bloomed  
Within the tropic's flowery zone ;  
When years ago, sweet hope illumed,  
And on her childish pathway shone.  
Who could have dreamed, who saw her then,—  
Like Leila,\* “form of life and light”—  
That such a star of beauty, when  
It set, should have so wild a night ?

And she is dead ; forgetfulness,  
From those who once were loving friends,

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\* “ Hers was a form of life and light,  
That e'en became a part of sight,  
And rose, where'er I turned my eye,  
The morning star of memory.”—BYRON.

*American Sketch Book.*

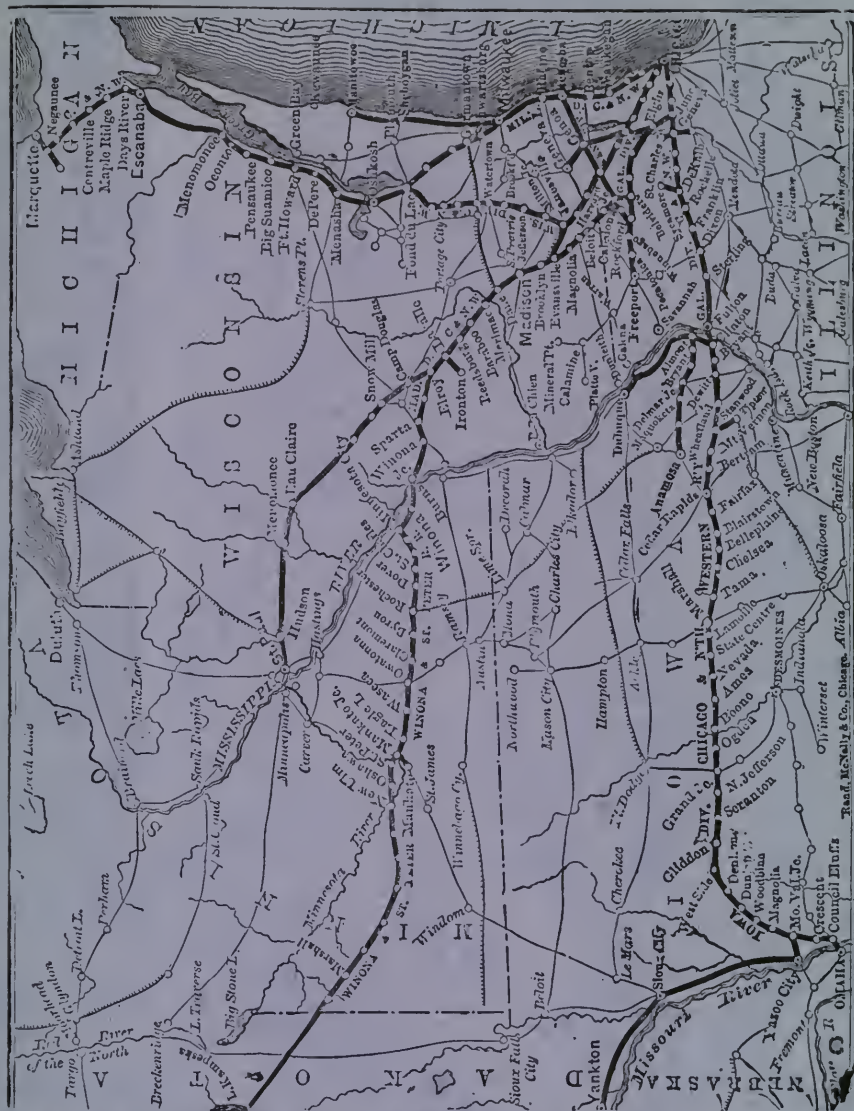
She heeds not, recks not, wretchedness  
 No longer o'er her head, extends  
 Its grasping all embracing arms ;  
 For with our breath, our troubles cease,  
 And gentle death, from hates and harms,  
 Brings to the sufferer, sweet release.

Yes, she is dead, thank God for rest !  
 Thank God that lies are hushed at last ;  
 And that her sins, not proved but guessed,  
 Before a higher Court have passed.  
 Thank God for death, which loosed the clutch,  
 Upon her throat, of virtuous hate ;  
 The power which frees the grip of such,  
 Is often benefactor great.

Thank God for death ; the cruel foe  
 For weary souls to fear and dread,  
 Is not what brings release from woe,  
 And stops the aches of heart and head ;  
 Not cruel tyrant come to crush  
 Too soon the hopes of happy life,  
 But angel with sweet voice to hush  
 The agonies of mortal strife.

Thank God for death ! eternal rest !  
 The rescue of the heart from pain !  
 The quietude of slumber blest,  
 Never to be disturbed again.  
 The brightest rays of light illumine  
 Ofttimes what seems our darkest path ;  
 Death's shadow brings not always gloom,  
 But more than light a radiance hath.

THEOPHILUS THRUSH.



## Map of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad.

This is the Short Line and Direct Route

FROM  
**CHICAGO**  
TO

OMAHA AND SAN FRANCISCO  
MILWAUKEE AND FOND DU LAC  
SHEBOYGAN AND MANITOWOC  
ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS  
MADISON AND WINONA  
GREEN BAY AND ESCANABA  
MARQUETTE AND L'ANSE  
SIOUX CITY AND BEYOND  
YANKTON, DAKOTA  
ELROY AND SPARTA  
FREETPORT AND GALENA  
DUBUQUE AND WATERLOO

**MARVIN HUGHITT**  
General Superintendent.

**W. H. STENNETT,**  
Gen'l Passenger Ag't

**SAMUEL RAN**

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DEALER IN

Foreign, New York State and Wisconsin

**H O P S .**

Reedsburg, Sauk Co., Wisconsin.

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Twenty-two years residence at this hop center of Wisconsin, has given an experience that

**ASSURES SATISFACTION**

TO ALL SENDING THEIR ORDERS.

**ORDERS SOLICITED**

FROM

**Dealers AND Brewers.**

---

**SPECIAL CARE TAKEN**

TO SELECT

**CHOICEST QUALITY OF HOPS.**

See pages 122 and 127 of this Sketch Book.





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